

# The Nation.

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\* \* \* As letters still continue to reach us addressed to Mr. Joseph H. Richards, Publisher, attention is called to the fact that Mr. Richards is no longer connected with THE NATION, but, as will be seen from his advertisement in the present issue, is engaged in the banking business at 11 Wall Street.

E. L. GODKIN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 130 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

## The Week.

MR. SEWARD has written Sir Frederick Bruce a remarkably moderate and sensible letter about the Fenians who are on trial in Canada, asking, in consideration of their American citizenship, for such information regarding the proceedings in each case as may enable our Government to judge of the fairness of the trials. This is, owing to the excited state of the Canadian mind, a perfectly proper and natural request. The request which Mr. Seward also makes, that those Fenians who have been or may be convicted shall be dealt with leniently, is also reasonable, and he has English precedents for offering it. But we doubt the soundness of the plea that the Fenian performances in Canada are purely "political offences." A man may have good excuse for breaking one of my neighbor's windows; but he cannot possibly have any good excuse for getting into my best bed-room in order to throw his stones with greater advantage out of my windows, or for using my crockery in default of other missiles, the quarrel being one in which I have no sort of concern. The Fenians have no charge of any kind to make against the Canadians. The presence of British soldiers there affords no excuse for invading their territory, unless it can be shown that the destruction of the British army in Canada would result in the liberation of Ireland. If this cannot be shown—and we believe not even a Fenian orator or writer has had the brass to attempt to show it—acts of hostility committed on Canadian soil are acts of pure brigandage. When a gang of New York ruffians, fresh from the dance-houses of the Sixth ward, make their appearance on a Canadian farm, with a green flag and under the command of a grog-shop keeper, and eat up the chickens, steal the horses, milk the cows, and insult the women, it is rather cool to tell the farmer that these are "acts of war" committed by soldiers, and that he must not get angry and want to have the blackguards hanged. In regular warfare, if outrages are committed by troops, there is at hand a government of respectable men to appeal to or to summon before the bar of civilized opinion; or there are officers with commissions, social position, a country, and a sense of honor who may be made answerable for the behavior of their men. But who is answerable for the behavior of Fenian

"roughs?" Where is the Fenian Government or capital? Who are the Fenian officers but the very men who do all the vile and dirty work of our own politics and make every American who watches their performances on our soil as "American citizens" sick at heart? What defence has a peaceful community against such a herd but its jails and policemen and, if need be, its hangmen? For our part, we think the rule for the treatment of the Canadian prisoners is not to be found in the nature of the offence, but in a calculation of the effects of the sentence. If the hanging of Lynch would deter the more ignorant of the Brotherhood from repeating their attempt, we think it would be well, in their interest as well as that of the Canadians, to hang him. If it would irritate them into fresh inroads, it were better to imprison him for a short term, and then give him five dollars and send him home; and in our opinion this last course would be altogether the wisest.

MR. GEORGE W. CURTIS's name is proposed by several journals, both East and West, for the senatorship of this State. He is just the kind of man who ought to be in the Senate, and the State would do itself honor, as well as credit, by sending him there. It is rather rare, deplorably rare, for men of Mr. Curtis's attainments and character to enter political life at all, and the public is constantly howling and lamenting over their unwillingness to do so. Mr. Curtis's case offers to those who think persons of his class ought to be encouraged when they take to politics, a chance of putting their theories into practice. He has now been for many years in the political field, has fairly fought his way up to a distinguished position in Federal as well as State politics, has rendered, both with tongue and pen, at least as valuable service to the country during the last ten years as any other man we know of. He is one of the few politicians we have, too, who never forgets in defending any cause the great interests of truth and civilization. He is always fair, always candid, always honest, and always polished; never, either for the negro or the white man, misrepresents, distorts, or makes the worse appear the better reason. We should consider the appearance of such a man in the Senate as an unmistakable sign that the war had indeed purified our political atmosphere, and that we had indeed entered on a new era. Let us add, that even "the practical men" of the Republican party must admit that a State which contributes such worthies as John Morrissey and Fernando Wood to the national councils has need of some such great and harrowing sacrifice, as the former would, no doubt, consider Mr. Curtis's election to be.

THE *Tribune* had on Monday an article on the Fenian business, making Mr. Johnson directly responsible for the fate of the men who are now under sentence of death in Canada. The charge originally made, however, that he secretly encouraged them and sold them arms, is now abandoned, and he is simply accused of encouraging them by his silence when they were making their preparations and by his liberation of John Mitchel—which are very different things. The reason the *Tribune* assigns for his course is, "that behind the Fenians stood the Irish vote, and behind the presidential vote the presidential succession." Now, "the Irish vote and the presidential succession" stood when the President enforced the neutrality laws just where they stood when he liberated John Mitchel; and the very fact that he did enforce the neutrality laws, and has thus arrayed the Irish against him, as the *Tribune* hopes he has, shows clearly that it is an absurd calumny to ascribe his earlier connivance or inaction to corrupt motives. What has he gained by stopping the raid? The answer to this disposes of the whole of the *Tribune* theory. The article in which it has been last propounded is a tissue of clap-trap and sophistry addressed to the

poor Irish, on whose ignorance and misfortunes our Republican politicians seem to have just as little hesitation in playing as the Democrats. And the appearance of such articles in journals which, like the *Tribune*, have the application of morality to politics for their whole *raison d'être* is rather a disheartening phenomenon. It has earned its fame and success by its adherence to principle and its respect for truth, and if it has to turn now to the old cast-off tricks of Tammany Hall, where is the public to look for guidance?

JUDGE BARBOUR, of the Superior Court, who has been sitting for the purpose of granting naturalization papers, has recently been replaced by Judge Monell. Judge Barbour was thought to despatch business too slowly. This fault can hardly be found with his successor. During a four hours' session never less than three hundred foreigners—which is seventy-five for each hour and one and a quarter for each minute—are made citizens of the United States. Judge Cardozo, it is said, can naturalize thirteen men in five minutes, or one man in twenty-three and one-thirteenth seconds. Five such mills, if we may be allowed a rather disrespectful word, each presided over by a judge of the Court of Common Pleas or of the Superior or Supreme Courts, are in full operation in this city. Also, the student of our American polity may see, or might last week see, in the neighborhood of the City Hall, a little tent, to which go people who say they have lost or mislaid their naturalization papers and wish to get duplicates, so that they may be able to register themselves. They are compelled to give their Christian names. They are compelled to give their surnames. Then they are compelled to tell when, or about when they think, they were naturalized. The man in the tent, after so much of delay and circumlocution, agrees that the copies shall be forthcoming before they are needed. Obviously, before giving a certain name as one's own, it is necessary to have an understanding with the real owner of it, and the process is a little longer, too, than that before the judges. The facts may seem to some not necessarily connected; but still we may mention here that some persons are beginning to offer bets that Mr. Hoffman goes out of this city with a majority of 60,000! that most men admit the probability of Mr. Morrissey's helping to represent New York in the Fortieth Congress; and that some Republicans concede the possibility of the defeat of Messrs. Dodge, Darling, and Spencer, the three Republican congressmen from the city districts, or rather the three congressmen whom the city Republicans elected.

WEST VIRGINIA renews her testimony against secession and all its works in the increased majorities she has just given her Union Republican candidates. She sends two Republican representatives to Congress and re-elects Governor Boreman, and her voice is one more warning to the Executive that he contends not against a faction, but against the united North—that North, namely, which prosecuted the war to its successful issue and would make treason odious. The elections of next week will close up the phalanx of opposition, and on the 7th Mr. Johnson may begin or revise his Message to Congress. The people having spoken, reply will be in order.

MR. PEABODY, who is offering to the world a spectacle of Christian benevolence such as, it would be safe to say, it has never before witnessed, by devoting in his lifetime an immense fortune to the promotion of science and the relief of suffering, has been assailed by a correspondent of the *Evening Post* for not going to the war or sending his sons or nephews. The *Evening Post* ought to find better uses for its space than the publication of stuff of this sort; but the letter was curious as an illustration of the way in which a large class of minds work, even amongst a very sensible, intelligent, and even religious portion of our population. There is, probably, no tendency stronger, in a man who has a very highly-developed conscience and a very limited mental training, than to fix on one test of excellence of character and apply it to everybody, and infer moral delinquency from failure to bear it; and the tests are often very strange, and even laughable. Money-making fathers often have the saddest forebodings about boys who do not take readily to the dry-goods business; men often

have them about friends who smoke, or fail to see it their duty to become total abstainers, or who dress very neatly, or who are not ardent reformers, or who do not like sermons. Mr. Peabody's assailant is probably an excellent person, who threw his soul into the war, and at last worked himself up into looking upon everybody who was not in the ranks, or getting somebody else to go in, as in a bad moral state.

THE *Herald* has republished—or rather says it has republished, for we have been unable to verify its statement—the original report of the "great fight" between John Morrissey and Yankee Sullivan some years ago at Boston Corners. As Mr. Morrissey is to represent one of our metropolitan districts in the Fortieth Congress, we think this bringing to light the more striking events in his chequered career is a useful and laudable undertaking. The encouragement that Mr. Morrissey's election will give to the democratic cause all over the world we need hardly comment upon. We, for our part, sincerely hope that Tammany Hall will fill the next vacancies in the judiciary of this city by placing Morrissey, "Dublin Tricks," "Yankee Sullivan," and "Australian Kelly" on the bench of the Supreme and Superior Courts. Nothing, in our opinion, will rouse this public to a sense of its duty but the spectacle of its courts of justice filled with judges taken from the prize ring, the gambling hell, and the brothel; and we are not sure that this will. We are not sure, because we have made some progress towards this state of things already without exciting much sensation; and because we see the New York *Tribune*, which represents, if any newspaper represents, the moral and religious sentiment of the community, patting on the back the deluded population who elect Morrissey and his compeers, and running a race with him and the like of him in pandering to their prejudices and playing upon their ignorance, in teaching them that the President of the United States foully outraged them when he prevented them from violating the United States' laws by carrying fire and sword into the territory of a people who never injured them. No wonder we have Morrissey in Congress. The wonder is that we have not a dozen Morrisseys. The long use of these tricks to win its victories at last ate out of the Democratic party all that was good in it, all faith in its own principles, and all regard for its own history and traditions. Let us take care that the Republican party, in borrowing its devices, does not share its fate.

GOVERNOR ORR, of South Carolina, Governor Humphreys, of Mississippi, and the Legislatures of North Carolina and Texas have pronounced strongly against the constitutional amendment. But we still adhere to the opinion we have already expressed, that the majority will yet swallow it. There are several ways of looking at a thing, and some people have to look at it in all of them before they make up their minds. The South, too, is emphatically a land of change. Leading politicians go through transformations such as in our colder clime are only seen in cases like that of Fernando Wood and other persons we could name. There are thousands of men in the South who swore, two years ago, they would die in "the last ditch" who now chew, spit, and bolt their food with unblushing brow and an apparently keen enjoyment of life. Stephens is preaching peace and reunion in spite of the destruction before his eyes of what he considered the only perfect form of society; and we have little doubt that five years hence there will be many a chuckle in Southern "mansions" over the pretty reluctance which the South is now displaying to accept the consequences of her defeat.

A CORRESPONDENT writes, *apropos* of the political canvass: "Some Eastern politicians who visit the West seem to give our people credit for more coarseness than they really possess. In their endeavors to adapt themselves to the 'rudeness and want of culture of the West,' they sometimes go too far." We do not know to whom reference is here made, nor is it of much consequence. It is unfortunate if Parson Brownlow and Prentice have been mistaken for fair types of the Western manner, which was certainly never mirrored in their vituperation. Whether it be rudeness—that is, absence of polish—or frankness, or freedom, that distinguishes the average Westerner from his fellow-citizen on the seaboard, he must have a poor capacity for shades who confounds it with coarseness, or who fancies that naturalization con-



sists merely in stripping off his own delicacy and refinement, and walking undetected, "a child of nature, whose home is in the setting sun." We do not say that an orator may never seek to adapt himself to his hearers—versatility in adaptation is an attribute of the highest oratory; but the character of the man may be inferred with a good deal of certainty from the limit which he sets to his condescension.

THE rumor which has been current for some days that the French and Maximilian were about to withdraw from Mexico immediately, and that we were to become "protectors" of the Juarez government, appears to be well founded. Mr. Lewis Campbell is about to set out at once to represent us at the court of Juarez, who is to be guaranteed by us the peaceable possession of the country. The expectation of our Government seems to be that the knowledge of this guarantee will cause the other factions to subside—a view of the case which, we feel bound to say, is not borne out by our experience of Mexican human nature. In fact, there is some reason to fear that the mere fact that Juarez has become the *protégé* of a foreign power may render him odious; and then we should have on our hands the very repulsive and, perhaps, impossible task, from which the French have retired defeated and disgusted. There is, probably, no government in the world less fitted for this particular duty of "protection" than ours; and we fear its assumption in this instance will only add to the already dangerous complications of our politics. The gains we make in territory are apparent rather than real. We have already ten times more territory of the kind Mexico is ceding to us than we know what to do with; and of gold and silver mines we have already far more than is good for us. Lower California is an arid desert, in which the rain does not fall over once in ten years, and in which civilization is never likely to take root. The whole scheme, in fact, bears an unpleasant resemblance to a plan for diverting the popular attention, by dazzling accessions of territory, from the weightier matters of the law, truth, justice, and mercy on which, and not on superficial area or on "mineral wealth," our polity must rest in order to be enduring.

THERE is little foreign news of importance. The reform agitation in England seems to gain strength, but, unfortunately, the leading Liberals seem to fight shy of it, and most of the work is left to Mr. Bright, who, great as he is, is only one man. The movement, we have no doubt, will finally resolve itself into physical intimidation of the middle classes, who can, if they please, turn the scale. Mr. Bright is making a vigorous effort to effect a junction between the English radicals and the Irish malcontents; and in his success lies, as far as we see, the only present hope for the latter. How long the alliance would last it is hard to say, for it would have to stand the strain of bitter prejudices and difference of religious faith. There is a great gulf, moral as well as intellectual, between an average Fenian and an average wide-awake English artisan. The Fenian is generally pious in his way and a thorough conservative, the only form of tyranny to which he is in the least opposed is that of which he is himself the victim, while the English mechanic is apt to be sceptical and a general leveller.

On the Continent the rumors of the French Emperor's illness are on the increase, and are at last acknowledged to be well founded; but popular apprehension is quieted by the assurance that there is nothing immediately dangerous in his malady. Bismark is taking well-won repose in the country, and there are reports, which are not unlikely to be true, that Russia begins to look on Austria as a "sick man," and would like, on her way to Turkey, to eat up the Hapsburgs *en passant*. A general break-up in the Austrian Empire would render the absorption of the Principalities and Bulgaria a simpler matter, and would secure Serbia beyond question. Austria seems to have, for the first time in ages, a distinct consciousness of her danger. The ground around her is strewn with the fragments of theories, and she reels to and fro. She is fortifying herself against contingencies by a proposed alliance with Italy, to be based on a marriage between Prince Humbert and a Hapsburg maiden. European monarchs, when very hard pressed, nearly all resort to the Greek plan of sacrificing a young girl. There is hardly a court in Europe which cannot show an Iphigenia.

#### THE FREEDMEN.

THE condition of freedmen's affairs in the State of Mississippi has undergone no considerable change during the past month. It is stated that most of the assaults noted are by employers upon their laborers, doubtless for the purpose of driving them away, and thus avoiding the payment of their wages. It is due to the State authorities to say, however, that all outrages brought to their notice have received prompt attention, and no pains have been spared to arrest and bring to justice the offenders. Increased efforts are making to extend the benefits of education to the freed people, and strong appeals are made to all liberal-minded citizens of the State to co-operate with the benevolent societies of the North to this most desirable end. The grain crop, though early in the season promising an abundant yield, has, in consequence of the protracted drought, proved an almost total failure, and a competent observer has concluded that it will not support the people beyond the 1st of January next. The cotton crop, through the ravages of the army worm, has experienced a like destruction. This insect had made its appearance but partially in August, but since then has come in myriads and completed its work of ruin. In addition to this disaster, the heavy rains ensuing prevented the gathering of the residue of the cotton spared from the ravages of the worm. From these causes it is confidently estimated that the amount of cotton produced will not repay the amount invested in planting and caring for it.

—Fourteen "Northern men and new settlers," who "have bought and leased plantations in the County of Madison, Mississippi, since the close of the war, employing the freedmen," publish a card vindicating the hospitality of their neighbors and the satisfactory treatment accorded to them and their employees. They think their lives and property as safe as those of old residents, and have no distrust of the courts. Four of the subscribers had been engaged in the U. S. service during the rebellion. They appear to invite immigration to that part of the State.

—The freedmen of Kentucky, according to Gen. Jeff. C. Davis, have been very industrious, and they would be quite well repaid for their labor this season were it not for the trouble they experience in securing a fair and equitable division of the crops from their employers. Another source of loss to them is their being driven off by bands of guerrillas and self-styled "Regulators," and thus deprived of the fruits of the summer's work. In the neighborhood of Lebanon these marauders are known by the name of "Skeggs' men," and are a terror to all classes. Mr. J. B. Thompson, Bureau agent in Livingston County, having imposed and collected a fine for some infraction of the civil rights of a freedman, the grand jury of Livingston County, at the August term of the county court, returned an indictment against him for collecting money "as being due by the judgment of a pretended court not thereunto organized by law, pretending to act under the civil authority of the United States." The counsel for the defendant having entered a demurrer and produced in justification the orders of Generals Howard and Fisk and the act of Congress establishing the Bureau, Judge Fowler overruled the demurrer and decided that the Bureau, the act of Congress, and the rules of its agents, assistants, and superintendents, being regarded as unconstitutional, "are deemed null and void." The defendant was surrounded at the close of the trial by an excited mob, and was only enabled to escape to the Illinois shore by the aid of the sheriff. Schools for colored children in the State are prosperous; one at Lexington, by the exertions of the freedmen and their friends, has been fitted up for the accommodation of six hundred scholars. The freedmen were encouraged in their efforts by many of the most substantial and intelligent citizens of the place.

—Hon. Archibald McAllister, of Pennsylvania, George D. Blakely, and Dr. N. S. Moore, of Kentucky, are the commission appointed to settle the claims of loyal slaveholders in Kentucky whose slaves went into the Union ranks. Mr. Blakely has written a letter to an anxious enquirer, in which he says of the maximum amount fixed by law (\$300): "I deem it by no means adequate compensation for loyal men; but if rebels and traitors, or even men of doubtful political status, were to be made beneficiaries of the fund, I should regard three cents as excessive."

## Notes.

## LITERARY.

It is a great pleasure at last to receive the long-promised second series of the "Biglow Papers." Mr. Lowell has revised them since they were published in the "Atlantic," altering phrases and spelling, and in some cases putting in additional lines. One whole poem, an amusing specimen of macaronic verse, "Ketelopotomachia," we do not remember having seen before. It has many lines worth remembering for their compact wit, as:

"Backos dum virides viridis Brigitta remittit;"

and

"Est his prisca fides Jurare et breakere wordum;  
Poppere fellerum a tergo, aut stickere clam bowiknlfo,  
Haud sane facinus, dignum sed victrice lauro;  
Larrupere et nigerum, factum prestantius ullo."

The book is headed by an excellent introduction, in which Mr. Lowell gives the origin of the poems, and then discourses on the Yankee dialect, if such it may be called. In speaking of the pronunciation, he gives examples from old English authors of numbers of words which, from their spelling, must have been pronounced as they now are in New England. Many of these words as spoken by a Yankee represent the French words in which they originated. The country districts of New England have, in fact, only kept the pronunciation which the Puritan settlers had when they left the mother country. And so with words. The list of real Americanisms is not large. Most of the words and phrases with which purists reproach us are either provincialisms, even now used in some parts of England, or good old English words that the modern speech has dropped. Mr. Lowell gives a new and to us satisfactory explanation of the word *rare*, as applied to cooked meat. Its original form was *raredone*, and was a contraction in pronunciation for *rather done*. One word in very common use he finds no original for: *emptins*, meaning yeast. We believe this name is properly and usually given only to brewer's yeast. Is it not the *emptyings* of the beer—the fermenting froth which is removed from the beer, and would be thrown away if not used for yeast? This treatise on the "Yankee tongue" is valuable enough to be published separately, but the examples of Yankee dialect in the poems are a good appendix to it. Mr. Lowell gives a few American proverbs and phrases, and Mr. Bartlett, in his "Dictionary of Americanisms," gives more. It would be well for observers to note down any curious and characteristic phrase that they may hear, for these expressions contain kernels of American humor, and the slang of to-day is, as Sardou expresses it in "La Famille Benoiton," the language of the future in its swaddling-clothes (la langue de l'avenir dans son maillot). We wish that Messrs. Ticknor & Fields would state the name of their binder, that the public might be warned against him, for all their later issues are very badly bound, both as respects workmanship and taste. In all respects but print they are very shabby specimens of book-making.

—Science and literature in this country will owe much to Mr. George Peabody, who, in his benefactions, in addition to using his own good sense, does not refuse good advice. Besides the libraries and institutes at Danvers and Baltimore, the latter endowed with over a million of dollars, he has given handsome sums to various minor colleges and schools. His latest gifts were one hundred and fifty thousand dollars each to Harvard and Yale. The gift to Yale is for a museum of natural history, and that to Harvard for the foundation of a museum of American archaeology and ethnology. This is most sensible. American antiquities have not had the attention they deserve, and the sooner collections are got together and explorations made, the better. The museum will not be confined to collections from the United States, but will include the whole continent. A professorship of archaeology is provided for by the fund.

—Persons having in their possession letters or documents, or able to furnish personal reminiscences, which can contribute to the biography of the Rev. Dr. Nott, late president of Union College, are solicited to send the same (by mail or express) to Mrs. U. E. Nott, Union College, Schenectady, N. Y. All papers so sent will be returned as requested and all expenses of transmission paid.

—On page 180 of Vol. II. of THE NATION we spoke of a proposed edition of Whitney's "Choice of Emblems." The book is now published, and lies before us exactly as it was issued from Christopher Plantyn's printing press in Leyden in 1586. It is a splendid specimen of the usefulness and the accuracy of photo-lithography. Emblem literature awoke an extraordinary degree of interest through all Europe from the publication of Alciatus in 1522 to that of Jacob Catz in 1660. In Whitney's book, as the name implies, there is a selection from all the books that had been previously published, with a view of making the English familiar with this kind of literature. Only 23 out of the 248 devices are original. The mottoes are translated by Whitney, and he has added so much to some of them as to make them almost his own. The reimpression has been edited by Mr. Henry Green, who has prefixed a long dissertation on the origin and history of emblems, and who has investigated every allusion and brought to bear every scrap of collateral information. There are short and well-written biographies of the principal emblematisers. The obsolete words used by Whitney are compared with their use by Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakespeare; and to Shakespeare's employment of emblems a whole essay is given. Mr. Green is quite carried away with his subject, so that he sometimes loses his critical faculty through excess of enthusiasm. He considers Whitney a finer poet than Spenser in his characterizations and his personifications. He also loses the distinction between the emblematic and the pictorial art. Mr. Green's definition of an emblem is too wide and not sufficiently specific. It is not a representation of the whole range of human life, but of some particular precept useful for instruction in life. It is a proverb expressed in a picture, and the picture explained by certain stanzas, or, to use Whitney's own words, a "holosome precepte shadowed by a pleasant devise."

—The history of Buckle, though but part of the introduction was ever completed, has not been without its results. Readers who busied themselves with correcting the errors of detail, insensibly got interested in the work, became converts to its method, and assisted in consolidating and perfecting it. Mr. J. H. Bridges, the author of one of the essays on "International Policy," of which we spoke some weeks ago, is a Positivist, who owes his training in history rather to Comte than to Buckle; but it is more intelligible to ordinary persons to say that his book, "France under Richelieu and Colbert," deals with history in the Buckle style. It consists of some lectures delivered before the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh, under the title of "The Age of Louis XIV."—a title that at once calls up Voltaire. The tone of the book is, however, different from Voltaire's, as the tone of society is now from what it was in Voltaire's day. A social revolution has intervened. During the last five centuries "the feudal mode of life has been gradually decomposing, and there has been a gradual accumulation of fresh materials, scientific and industrial, to supply its place." Mr. Bridges tries to show at what stage of these processes France had arrived; how far the French ministers and Government saw their position, and how much Richelieu, Mazarin, and Colbert accelerated or retarded the progress of Western Europe. In his opinion Richelieu saw that, "to constitute the French republic, to reach that ideal government where all the forces of the state should be directed to the common welfare, it was necessary first to constitute the French monarchy, and to that object he bent the powers of his unswerving and relentless will." Richelieu crushed the feudal aristocracy, Mazarin carried out his foreign policy, and humiliated the retrograde powers of Austria and Spain. Had Colbert's policy prevailed, the French Revolution would have come sooner, would have been more gradual, and would have passed without that sanguinary tragedy which convulsed Europe for twenty years. This monograph does great credit to the Positivist school, and is worthy the attention of its bitterest opponents.

—The numerous collections of fairy-tales and legends which have of late years been published are probably owing to the labors of the brothers Grimm among the tales and folk-lore of Germany. At all events, the fashion has steadily set in, and observers have come to find that these stories contain plain marks of the early character and genius of the peoples with whom they are told. Many of the stories are the same in different nations, but the peculiar character of each people is impressed upon their varying form. These differences are well seen in



comparing the well-known German tale of "The Bremen Town Musicians" with the Irish version of it given in Mr. Patrick Kennedy's "Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts." It is easy in this story, and in "The Golden Pin of Sleep," to verify the acute criticism of Mr. Matthew Arnold in one of his papers on Celtic literature in the "Cornhill Magazine." Mr. Arnold said, speaking of the Celtic genius (the essence of which he finds in *sentiment*—readiness to react against the despotism of fact): "The impressionable Celt, soon up and soon down, is the more down because it is his nature to be up, to be sociable, hospitable, eloquent, admired, *figuring away brilliantly*. He loves bright colors, he easily becomes audacious, over-crowding, full of fanfaronade." In all these lively stories collected by Mr. Kennedy, as well as those in Croker's collection, and in the Ossianic legends themselves, there is visible this tendency to "over-crow." But many of the Celtic stories are more humorous as well as more animated, and sometimes there are snatches of tenderness and beauty that are never found in the German, though instead there is a deeper imaginative grandeur.

—The proprietors of the *Kölnische Zeitung* are issuing a weekly edition of that paper; the first attempt, we believe, at a political weekly in Germany. It contains most of the political articles of the daily edition, and, in addition, original articles, romances, and notices by prominent German writers. The first number appeared on the 5th of October. The *Kölnische Zeitung* is the best political journal published in Prussia; and this edition, being much easier to read than the ill-printed daily with its supplements, is better suited to foreigners who wish to know something about German life and politics.

#### SCIENTIFIC.

ORDNANCE AND ARMOR—(Continued).—The American heavy guns fire cast-iron projectiles. Capt. Noble's report, of a part of which an abstract has been already given in No. 67 of THE NATION, sums up the discussion of the relative merits of cast-iron and steel projectiles very fairly and very conclusively. When a cast-iron projectile strikes a strong target, a large proportion of the "work" stored up in the shot is consumed in breaking up the projectile instead of the target. Cast-iron shot fly to pieces, and the fragments scatter in all directions, harmlessly, of course, because they do not penetrate the target. Solid steel projectiles do not break up, and in many instances their temperature is hardly raised and their form but slightly altered by the concussion. The "work" of a steel shot is consumed in penetrating the target. In order to effect the same penetration with cast-iron as with steel shot, at a velocity below 1,200 feet per second, the cast-iron projectile must have two and a half times more "work" in it than the steel shot. If the velocity be very high, the cast-iron shot will have equal effect with the steel if it has 1.7 times the "work" of the steel shot. This inferiority of cast-iron projectiles is so marked that, as Capt. Noble says, it is almost useless to fire cast-iron shot against strong iron defenses. One of the lords of the Admiralty only stated the facts a little more forcibly when he said in Parliament that one might as well throw mud as cast-iron against the sides of the later English iron-clads.

These statements are completely substantiated by our practical experience during the late war. The rebels constructed their iron-clad batteries and rams under every conceivable disadvantage, and they naturally could not produce armor at all comparable in strength either with European armor or with the best of Federal construction. Nevertheless the rebels invariably succeeded in keeping out the Federal projectiles. Their first attempt was an iron-clad battery in Charleston harbor, which proved entirely invulnerable by our artillery. The fight between the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor* affords the next example. These two vessels pounded each other for an hour or more with cast-iron shot from Dahlgren guns at a distance of only a few yards, and both retired from the conflict without any material injury. The armor of neither vessel was penetrated. The ram *Arkansas*, on the Mississippi river, sustained single-handed a conflict with our whole fleet, ran by several strong batteries, and, after a destructive career, was blown up by her commander that she might not fall into our hands all uninjured as she was. Her career was ended by the giving out of her propelling machinery. The ram *Albemarle* attacked our fleet in Albemarle Sound,

proved herself more than a match for the whole fleet, and was entirely uninjured until Lieutenant Cushing's torpedo blew her up. In the brief fight between the rebel vessel *Atlanta* and the monitor *Weehawken*, the *Atlanta* was twice struck by a 450 lb. shot fired from 15-inch guns at a distance of 300 yards. The first shot hit the pilot-house and injured the steering apparatus. The vessel consequently grounded and became at once helpless. The second shot struck her armor and broke in the iron plates, but did not penetrate the backing, and of course did not enter the vessel. The armor was only  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches of iron, backed by 30 inches of yellow pine. The damage to the vessel was very trivial. Shortly after she was sent round to Fortress Monroe, and made the passage successfully without any escort, being the first iron-clad to accomplish this feat. The most perfect demonstration of the utter inefficiency of cast-iron projectiles against such armor as can now be manufactured is to be found in the fight in Mobile Bay between Farragut's fleet and the rebel ram *Tennessee*. This ram was protected by three layers of iron bars about six inches wide and either two inches or one inch thick; three thicknesses of 2-inch bars protected the most exposed parts; two thicknesses of 2-inch iron and one layer of 1-inch iron the rest of the vessel. The armor was, therefore, not more than six inches and not less than five inches thick, while the wooden backing varied from twenty-three to thirty inches in thickness. This defence does not compare in strength with the sides of many of the vessels already built by England, France, and our own Government. The ordnance brought to bear on the *Tennessee* consisted of 18 Parrott guns throwing shot of 100 lbs., 126 Dahlgren guns of 9-inch bore, 6 Dahlgren 11-inch guns, and 4 Dahlgren 15-inch guns, the latter throwing 450 lb. shot. The range was ten feet, and towards the close of the action the attacking vessels chose their positions, planted their shot where they pleased, and cannonaded the ram with entire impunity. The action lasted one hour. What was the result of this crucial experiment with the best and heaviest American ordnance? One 450 lb. ball pierced the armor of the *Tennessee* and started a portion of the wooden backing, but did not enter the ship. The whole combined artillery of the fleet could neither pierce nor crush nor in any way seriously injure the sides of the rebel ram.

If we now enquire into the success of the rebel artillery against Federal armor, we shall find further corroboration of Capt. Noble's assertion concerning the great superiority of steel over cast-iron projectiles. The rebels had in their service a small number of guns of English manufacture and a larger number of guns constructed by them after the Blakely model under the direction of Capt. Brooke, of the rebel service. These guns were capable of firing steel projectiles. After the fight between the *Merrimac* and the first monitor we constructed a fleet of improved monitors and sent them against the defences of Charleston. The rebel batteries, armed with rifled guns of English manufacture or model firing steel shot, put the whole fleet of monitors *hors de combat* in half an hour; and so conclusive was the experiment that the navy never again ventured to cope with the defences of Charleston except in cautious co-operation with and subordination to the land attack. The *Keokuk*, a strong vessel, protected with  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches of iron, was sunk off Charleston by spherical steel shot fired from a rifled Blakely gun at a range of 700 yards.

Common cast-iron being then entirely out of the question as the material of projectiles to be used against our iron defences, it is an interesting question whether there be any cheaper substitute for steel, since steel is objectionable on account of its high cost. The English experiments show that Palliser's chilled-iron projectiles are almost, though not quite, as effective as those made of steel. Palliser's process is to cast the shot in a cold mould, whereby the metal is very much hardened.

The proper form of the front or head of hardened elongated projectiles for rifled guns is a matter of much importance; Capt. Noble gives a very convincing table of the results of English experiments upon this subject. The flat-headed projectile is the most effective against inclined armor, and always makes the cleanest hole. In practice, however, it is generally desirable to make a ragged hole which cannot easily be plugged. The projectiles with hemispherical heads punch out a piece of the armor plate, and, like the flat-headed shot, drive this piece of plate through the backing. The necessity of forcing

a jagged piece of armor-plate through the backing greatly increases the resistance which the shot itself encounters in traversing the backing. This difficulty is avoided by using projectiles with pointed heads, having curved surfaces. Such a shot cuts through the armor-plate, and bends back the fragments of the plate round the edge of the hole; the shot then passes through the backing without driving any jagged armor in front of it. Capt. Noble says that most of the chilled-iron projectiles with pointed heads have preserved their points intact after passing through the iron plates. A blunt-headed shot generally bulges out at the front on striking the plate, and so becomes less able to penetrate further. There is every reason to believe that the cylindrical steel shell, with a pointed, solid head, will prove to be the most formidable of all projectiles intended for use against iron defences. However great the advantages of this projectile, it cannot be used in the American heavy guns, which are all smooth-bores incapable of discharging any but a spherical shot. There is but one large rifled gun used in the American service (the Parrott 100-pounder so-called); but this gun is so weak that the heaviest charge of powder which can be safely used in it is only 8 lbs. The American public have not forgotten the utter failure of this gun at Fort Fisher; the rupture of so many Parrott 100-pounders at that bombardment was attributed by the Navy Department to the injudicious use of 10 lb. charges. So weak a gun is well-nigh useless; 22 lbs. of powder is a moderate charge for English rifled 100-pounders. In another note we shall bring into comparison English and American ordnance, still following in the main Capt. Noble's admirable report.

#### THE LIFE OF PERCIVAL.\*

PERCIVAL was an undoubted genius. However men may differ in respect to the formal definition of this epithet, none would hesitate, we think, to apply it to the remarkably gifted philosopher and poet of New Haven whose biography is now before us.

It is a sad story. The rarest and most varied endowments, the most favorable opportunities, the most devoted friends, did not rescue him from the most pitiable poverty, misanthropy, and despair. He limited his own renown, disappointed his own expectations, and thwarted his own projects. The suicide which in early life he repeatedly attempted was the epitome of his whole career. He was his own worst enemy. It is hardly too much to say that his life was prolonged self-destruction—not in purpose but in fact.

Yet, so far as it appears from the present biography, he had none of the baser vices of mankind. Neither alcohol nor opium beclouded his intellect, he was not lazy nor forgetful nor dissipated nor unkind. He was keenly sensitive in respect to the good opinion of his fellows, though he detested empty flattery, and shrank like a hermit from that public attention which is the penalty and the plague of distinguished men. He performed the most wearisome literary drudgery for the most meagre rewards, and, though he must be said to have been negligent in the extreme respecting his engagements, he was punctilious in respect of scientific accuracy. He continually needed the sympathy and advice of his friends, while he so quickly took offence that none but the most considerate and patient of them could keep up their intimacy. He was full of contradictions. His life was a mystery while it was in progress, and, with his memoir before us ten years after his death, we are still compelled to add that the mystery is not solved.

Percival is commonly known only as a poet. Many, we presume, will be surprised to discover from Mr. Ward's volume that he has perhaps higher claims to scientific and linguistic fame than to literary renown. His learning was of the most minute and comprehensive character. If he had possessed a will at all corresponding to his other powers, he might have been a Leibnitz or a Bacon or a Goethe. In the variety of his powers he reminds us of all these men, though he fell woefully behind them in accomplished results. His geological researches were original and profound, and receive high commendations in this memoir from the best of American geological critics, Prof. James D. Dana. In mineralogy and botany and general zoölogy he was likewise proficient. In power of reading and writing other languages he was regarded as another Mezzofanti. He saved the early editions of Noah Webster's dictionaries from innumerable blunders, especially in etymology and scientific statement. Malte Brun's great geography he also corrected in thousands of errors. There seemed to his friends no limit

to his information or his talk. His poetry is distinguished for the affluence of its diction and its extravagant wealth of imagery, and while so many other poets surpass him in most other qualities, none rival him in variety and accuracy of versification.

The principal outward changes in the life of Percival are well known to the public—at least as well known as his poems. He cannot, of course, be called a great writer nor a popular writer, as Tennyson and Longfellow are popular, and he certainly was not a popular man; but, especially in his earlier days of fame, he won a large number of admirers and friends among the most cultivated writers and readers in this country. They kept alive his reputation long after he himself became negligent of it. Knowing, then, the man's great gifts, his failure in life, and his singular nature, we turned to Mr. Ward's attractive volume not so much for the sake of reviewing connectedly the incidents of Percival's life, though they are pleasantly and very minutely recorded by a patient, enthusiastic, and appreciative biographer; we looked for something more than the history of an incomplete career; we hoped to look beyond the veil and discern the guiding principles of that outward existence so strange and sad; we hoped to discover the clue to the cause of these well-known idiosyncrasies. We cannot say that we are wholly satisfied.

The common theory regarding Percival's life has been that he met with an early disappointment in love which blighted all his subsequent history. This is the easiest and most plausible method of accounting for the crotchets of any persistent old bachelor. The story gained increased currency because the knowing world at large supposed his recluse habits involved a peculiar dislike of the gentler sex. Those who were his familiar acquaintances, however, were aware that at times he took great pleasure in the society of refined and educated women, and that, although he was shy and careless in dress, and utterly negligent of conventional forms, he was not indifferent to the graceful sprightliness and sympathy of some superior ladies who overlooked his bashfulness and his eccentricity and admired his intellect and learning. These facts appear in the biography. From one such acquaintance Mr. Ward has procured a valuable letter. He alludes to many others. We wish he had made still further enquiries of those ladies who knew Percival in a later period of his career; but he has done enough to show that *misogyny* was not the key to the poet's life.

It is true that Percival in his susceptible youth is said to have been especially fond of the daughter of the minister in his native town, who was already engaged to be married; and that a little later he was fascinated by the charms of a fair pupil entrusted to his care in Philadelphia. To the latter he made, by letter, proposals of marriage, which were coldly declined. Still later, while he is yet under twenty-six, the chords of his heart were touched again, but, says the memoir, "he never told his love." Later yet, we find him talking like any gay and hopeful young man of "getting married," as if, to do so, he had only to offer himself to the first young lady on whom he might bestow his favor. We do not know how much is kept back in respect to these affairs of the heart; but if the whole story is told they are entirely inadequate to account for his great peculiarities. These love passages seem to have affected him as they have affected many other young men—so much and no more. We see no indication that they made him more moody than he was before. In short, though he was a confirmed misanthropist, there is no ground for calling him, specifically, a hater of women.

His religious belief, we think, quite as much as his disappointment in love, affected his course in life. New Haven, where he received his college education, and to which he returned continually as his home, was accounted, in the days of the Unitarian controversy, one of the strongholds of orthodoxy. Percival began his manly life at the time when that controversy was in its vigor. Theological earnestness was fully called out by both the opponents and the defenders of the old New England faith. The severity of Calvinism probably appeared in those days in more severe form than it has since exhibited in Massachusetts and Connecticut. Percival was not at all in sympathy with the orthodox. What he did believe it may be difficult to state in any full and formal creed. His intimate friend and correspondent, the late Dr. George Hayward, of Boston, expresses his confidence that the poet was a "firm believer in the Gospel of our Saviour." Were it not for this express declaration we should very much doubt whether Percival accepted the Christian faith. He was accounted by some of his friends as "a sceptic" and "an infidel." On the other hand, we have not discovered in him any marks of hostility to the cardinal precepts of Christianity. But of this we are confident, that he did not like the theology of New Haven any better than he did the old-school theologians of Princeton and East Windsor. Some hints which were given him by injudicious friends may have increased the bitterness of his feelings. Possibly, he was driven off by the very in-

\* "Life and Letters of James G. Percival. By Julius H. Ward." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1866.



fluences which were intended to draw him on. His conduct remained pure and upright, so that at the West they thought him "almost a sinless being." His aspirations were certainly lofty, and his creed was neither low nor atheistic. Possibly if he had lived a generation later, after the arena of theological controversy had been shifted, and the defence and illustration of Christianity were accomplished by less dogmatic methods, he would not have been driven into such close communion with that

— "sole-sitting spirit of loneliness"

whose influence was so gloomy.

As we write, there lie beside us two little slips of paper in the poet's handwriting, which reveal, we presume, his religious creed in middle life. They are to us a revelation of the strivings of his soul. The first one is couched in strict philosophic terms:

"Simple noetic indagation and induction merely internates us more and more in the abysses of matter. It is only by the evolution and ascension of our inward creating, all-embracing power that we rise to the *poesis* and *pathesis* of the godlike. Physical atheism—spiritual theism."

The other is as follows:

"Philosophy, religion, and poetry sit enthroned, as a spiritual trinity, in the shrine of man's highest nature. The perfect vision of all-embracing truth, the vital feeling of all-blessing good, the living conception of all-governing beauty, they form, united, the divinity of pure reason."

We do not propose to comment on Percival's religious and theological character. We have said enough to indicate that the deepest and most perplexing problems of life engaged his attention; and that, at least in the greater portion of his days, he found no comfort in the lessons of the Cross.

Our conclusion respecting Percival is this: Endowed in very large measure with very rare natural gifts, with wonderful powers of observation, memory, versatility, imagination, and reason, he was also given a feeble body and a morbidly sensitive disposition. His early training was rude and often irritating. Both mind and body were unsound. In this, after all, lies the most reasonable explanation of the puzzle. Doubts and gloom rested on his spiritual life. Aversion to business habits impeded his success. The lack of a fitting home, the softening influences of a woman's love, and the winning prattle of loving children, confirmed his moroseness. Conscious of rare gifts, vexation, disappointment, and misanthropy became his habit. All his life was sorrowful; but his last days were his happiest, and the dawn of a brighter world illumined the closing scenes of this.

We regard Mr. Ward's own part in this biography as creditable. He shows industry and literary skill. We should have preferred to see a more analytical commentary on this strange career interspersed with the narrative of events, and we feel not wholly satisfied with the estimate which the volume gives of Percival's intellectual and moral characteristics. But we must not forget that Mr. Ward, who is still a young man, never knew the subject of his biography. Bearing this in mind, we admire the zeal and fidelity on the part of the author which every chapter shows. The contributions of Percival's life-long friends and his own long letters greatly enrich the volume.

#### MAGAZINES FOR NOVEMBER.

WHERE else may we look for the wondrous young gentlemen and ladies who love each other, and fill "Harper's" with a constancy which reminds one of Rochefoucauld's remark on that quality—that constancy is a fact, not a virtue? It would be pleasant to meet with some of those Belles and Perdidas and Helens and Lilies whom their relatives, we are told, call homely, but who have a way of putting a simple rose in their hair and walking off with the most eligible young gentlemen; whose father fails in business, and dies and leaves Margaret to keep school and a journal, from which latter we perceive the writer is consciously unconscious of possessing all the virtues. Marcias are pretty common, too: "As they drew near, I noticed that Marcia had left off her deep mourning. She wore black silk, and looked regal in it." But her elegant figure and becoming dress do not prevent her dying with a moan on her lips for James Harris. It might not be so pleasant to meet the various males of these species—Howard, with a patch on his boot, and the grave, sweet smile, is apt to be priggish; Treburne has an artist-nature and great means; but this is his way of talking to Margaret when he presses her hand, and says good night, as the two return from a ball: "Whatsoever your hands find to do, do it with all your might, and blossom into success as the rose blossoms by natural impulsion, instead of grappling fortune by the throat and crying 'Stand and deliver!' like a highwayman." He gets his leg broken, though, afterwards, and marries her before she has won success as a school-teacher. Then there is Hugh, who has commanding abilities, but whose hands and feet are of a size to shock Dr. Bellows; and Arthur, who has a misunderstanding with

Ellery, and goes and gets himself made a colonel in the army, and by-and-by is shot in the shoulder at the head of his men, and, after "all the rest was a blank," opens his eyes upon the white face of Ellery, who is speechless with gratitude. She shut her grief in her proud heart, and went to Washington as a nurse, where she casually heard of a mortally-wounded colonel, and her heart told her it might be Arthur. This month we have a dozen or more of this sort of persons in half-a-dozen stories. It is difficult to say just what frame of mind the reading of them is apt to create. We can conceive that young people of unhardened hearts, and Henry Kingsley, might, after a steady perusal of a good many of these tales, find themselves in a state of what you may call toploftiness—going off in a gush of high moral nobility, on any little provocation, and delighting to martyrize themselves in a painted flame of self-sacrifice. It would tend, too, to marriages on a limited income, we should say, and preferably to marriages with artists and poets and persons with curly hair. It would not be true either to say that these thousand-and-one tales have nothing good in them. Unless one's nature abhors a vacuum there is not much fault to be found with them, and that, in itself, is something. Sometimes they are well enough written; but, as a general thing, their natural inclination is to run into this sort of writing (Gibraltar is to be described): "A huge lion, god-hewn out of the solid rock, lying ever with its face turned to that land of mystic lore—the wonderful East—guards the narrow portal that leads thitherward."

The illustrated papers this month are "The Cider Mill," which is a page of indifferent poetry; "The Workhouse at Blackwell's Island," which is very indifferent prose; "Heroic Deeds of Heroic Men," which is prose of John S. C. Abbott's; "Venice," which is poetry, with an illustration; "Manasquan," prose, with an illustration; and "The Little Black Dogs of Berkshire," a weakly piece, mostly about the use of tobacco. It gives, on the authority of Dr. Day, of Boston, the following piece of novel information. It is of persons who smoke that Miss Beecher is talking: "To shake off the shackles of this slavery is the dream, by day and night, of the unfortunate sufferer, and how to accomplish it is the question which he eagerly asks, and for whose answer he waits with the most intense desire." We daily wonder, more and more, at the deal of killing a man can bear.

There are numerous other articles; but there is very little, indeed, very well worth reading, till one comes to the "Editor's Easy Chair," which has a pleasant essay on "American Popular Ballads"; and two others, also, of course, pleasant, on John Bright, and on the "Kenilworth" progress of Queen Elizabeth as contrasted with the recent tour of President Johnson.

There is little that is noticeable in the "Catholic World." One of the legends of Washington Irving's recently published volume of Spanish papers is borrowed and printed, and so are eight other articles which are taken from various European periodicals and very poorly represent the storehouse whence they are drawn. Of the original articles, the one entitled "The Development of Nationalities," like a good many other articles that have appeared in the "Catholic World," is marked by a liberality of tone which is certainly very pleasing when found in such a quarter. "The Godfrey Family," on the other hand, is pro-Catholic to the point of absurdity, and as a story is singularly worthless. It is even duller than "Unconvicted, or Old Thorneley's Heirs," which is at last finished in this number. Still, the wonder grows on us the more we see of magazines of a certain class and country newspapers which live by scissors and paste and not by pen, and have the total range of English literature to prey upon, that such papers and magazines are not oftener made at least tolerably readable. "Every Saturday" is very nearly an exception to this rule; so is Littell's "Living Age," so is not the "Eclectic Magazine," nor any of its monthly, weekly, or daily followers, so far as we are acquainted with them.

The "Atlantic" for November is of average excellence. The eleventh chapter of extracts from Hawthorne's note-books consists mainly of detached passages, which are full of interest to the student. Who that has read "The Scarlet Letter," when they see the germ of that fine romance in this sentence:

"The life of a woman who, by the old Colony law, was condemned to wear always the letter A sewed on her garment in token of her sin," will not grieve in the interest of imaginative literature and innocent enjoyment that some of these other seeds of stories never came to fruit?

"The search of an investigator for the unpardonable sin; he at last finds it in his own heart and practice."

"To represent the interest which dead men have among living affairs. For instance, a dead man controls the disposition of wealth; a dead man sits on the judgment seat, and the living judges do but repeat his decisions; dead men's opinions in all things control the living truth; we believe in dead men's religions; we laugh at dead men's jokes; we cry at dead men's pathos; everywhere, and in all matters, dead men tyrannize over us."

It was a thing to be expected, but we nevertheless congratulate our

readers that these extracts are soon to be issued in two volumes, which will contain all the passages that have appeared in the "Atlantic," and much additional matter. "Rhoda" is a well-told and touching story of a "poor-house" girl—one of a class well known in New England village life. "Katharine Morne," by Miss Palfrey, is begun. "Five Hundred Years Ago" shows the extreme foolishness of a folly that will never quite go out of fashion, but that no longer rages among us as it raged when Carlyle was our prophet, and reveals the comparative misery, squalor, injustice, and wickedness of the old days of monkery and chivalry. "The Progress of Prussia" is by Mr. Hazewell, and is marked by his usual command of historical fact, and is written in his usual method. Prussia is now the leader of Europe, he says. For ten years before 1866 France was the chief of the great powers. France ousted Russia, who, from Waterloo till 1853, was the chief power of Christendom. Mr. Hazewell's view of a nation's greatness, or at any rate of a nation's title to the name of leader, seems to be a view based upon the noise a nation makes in the diplomacy of Continental Europe, and, to read his essays, one would suppose that all the great powers had a common goal in view and were each striving to outstrip the other in the race. In short, he takes a surface view of history, and to do that is indeed to degrade history into an old almanac, or to make it a résumé of the newspapers. "Invalidism" is a pleasant, chatty essay, with nothing particularly new in it; and "Gurowski" is a most amusing sketch of a personage who must have been most amusing to his friends and the reverse of amusing to his enemies. A man is dangerous surely when he can say such things as this of the Count's about the New York *Tribune*, on the staff of which paper he had an engagement: "It is the most delightful position that you can possibly conceive of. I can abuse everybody in the world except Greeley, Ripley, and Dana." Of course, when he left the *Tribune* he was at liberty to abuse the whole race of man. This he did, which was unfortunate in some respects, for people hesitated about believing him when he pronounced judgment on Seward: "Shallow and insincere, and ludicrously ignorant of European affairs. The diplomatists of Europe, he said, were all making fun of his despatches, and looked upon him as only a clever charlatan." The article entitled "The President and his Accomplishes" is, doubtless, written by Mr. Whipple. Of course Mr. Johnson is roundly abused, but generally in such a way as to secure the assent of the reader. When, however, we read that "in Mr. Johnson's speech his 'I' resembles the geometer's description of infinity, having 'its centre everywhere and its circumference nowhere,'" one is moved to ask, Why is this? and if he asks himself he gets no satisfactory reply, so far as our experience goes.

The poetry of the number is not noticeable except in this, that a part of it was written by Longfellow, "On Translating the Divina Commedia," and a part of it, "Protonelron," seems to have been suggested by something of Miss Rossetti's. The "Literary Notices," without being very weighty, are very readable and agreeable.

With the best wishes in the world, we fail to perceive that "Hours at Home" has yet made itself a proper rival of the two leading monthlies. Its average merit resembles that of the defunct magazines of Graham and the rest, any one of which, we dare say, would have welcomed such rhyming as this by "Claude Iris," and given it a mezzotint illustration beside the fashion plates. Mr. Mitchell leads off, in the number before us, and Dr. Holland brings up the rear—neither, perhaps, in his best vein, and both under obligation to explain why they used so many words to conceal so few and so familiar ideas. The sum of "De Rebus Ruris" No. V. is, that it is sometimes profitable to remodel an old country house, and that in building a new one it is better to use stone and have but one story, unless you can stand the expense of more, or would not be shocked by a finishing of wood. There is a single suggestive remark in "Pasturing Children," although it states too much: "Take from poetry and elegant prose their illustrations drawn from nature, and the residue would be as dust." We do not object to the inference that very few are qualified to appreciate (say) the line from "Maud"—

"As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;"

but the converse proposition—*poeta quia rusticus*—is, of course, not tenable, and yet it seems implied (perhaps in the writer's own defence) in the assertion that "it is impossible for a man living entirely in the city to appreciate the poetry of Bryant, or of any other writer who draws his inspiration from the same sources." We do not remember the seven Christian statesmen already treated of by the Rev. Mr. Stoddard, but, after Rufus Choate, we shall not be surprised at a paper on Stephen A. Douglas or even Andrew Johnson. The biographer, following his subject, calls it a destructive theory for men to pretend it their duty "to reform [their] country, not to preserve [their] country." But would it not sound rather flat to say, "Do not reform society, but preserve it"?

## AFOOT THROUGH THE ALPS.\*

His reverence, the author of this improved sort of guide-book, as we remember him in the flesh amid the scenes of his narrative, and as he recalls himself here, is a jolly and highly companionable pillar of the Church of England, who at Meyringen can sit on a bench before the door of his inn, put his legs up, and light a cigar, or smoke a pipe after breakfast at Schaffhausen, or share his seat on the steamer at Friedrichshafen with his wife and "a tall glass of bright, cool Bavarian beer." In place of the sentiment of "Murray," he indulges occasionally in the moralizing which, as being his profession when at home, he had intended to leave behind him, and these, of course, are the most commonplace portions of his book. As a rule, however, he does not obtrude his clerical origin. His observations are sensible, his directions clear, and his descriptions vivid enough for his purpose. He gives you the precise hour at which he set out on any given excursion, and the hour of his return; mentions (out of gratitude, apparently) the donation of Saturday's *Times* by a friend on his departure from London; tells you he threw a pet pencil-case over the side of the *Via Mala*, and that an Italian cock answered an Englishman's crowing; and, in short, contrives to weave a very interesting story, it might almost be called, out of such and like necessary and unnecessary extracts from his diary. His style suits not badly this rollicking pedestrian, as when, for instance, he remarks that "the cheese and butter of Les Ormonds is said to be the best in the land." Humorous passages abound, and without being artistic in the sense that they are strained or even elaborate, are the best specimens of his composition, and of rather unusual excellence in themselves. The following is a fair illustration of his style:

"There is another famous cataract near Interlachen, that of the Giesbach, which falls into the Lake of Brienz. A small steamer runs frequently to the latter town, touching at the falls. They are very beautiful, and consist of a succession of short leaps, like a tubful of water turned over on the top of the stairs. The stream is crossed and recrossed by many wooden bridges, at various heights and distances. The third fall has a gallery behind it, so that you may sit in a cave and see the world above you, through water, like a mermaid. Besides the gallery and the bridges there are many prepared nooks and arbors at the edge of the torrent, showing it in fresh points of view. I don't suppose that there ever was a waterfall more stared at, straddled over, and generally lionized than this; people go up and down, right and left, above, across, and, as I have said, beneath it. They look down upon it from the hill, up to it from the steamer, and sideways at it from the wood, until at last the cataract must be glad to disappear in the lake, which is 500 feet deep near its entrance.

"The Giesbach knows no rest till then, being visited by night as well as day, and illuminated with red and blue lights; there are nails driven into several of the waterside trees, on which these fireworks are fixed.

"Right in face of the falls, about two-thirds of the way down, is an inn, with benches and tables set out under trees, so that you can keep your eye on the cataract while you are eating your lunch."

One must not consult this volume for extraordinary adventures, for it is the peculiar merit of Mr. Jones's "round" that it was "regular" and chiefly in beaten ways. He endeavors successfully to show that persons of average strength and health may walk through Switzerland, as he did, and obtain the finest views and the purest air for which that region is famous without peril and with an amount of ease (of which independence is a great part) and enjoyment not otherwise to be got even for more money. His experience will be fully corroborated by those who have tried his method of sight-seeing. It did not exclude the sending on of baggage in advance, the constant use of porters, and sometimes of guides, or of cars and other vehicles when it was desirable to pass to a new section rapidly, or to avoid tame and dusty highroads. It consisted of miles of tramping up hill and down dale with a few companions, generally in single file and in silence (the mouth being kept shut for reasons easily guessed), of foot-weariness, scorched backs, bruised hands, and hardships that it is a wonder to look back upon and think they were endured, or to explain what pleasure there was in them, and which yet in reminiscence are a perpetual delight. Mr. Jones knows the value of the Sunday rest, and the demoralizing effects upon the footman of a long stay in a soft climate in the midst of plenty. The spirit which faced the rigors of the Aegischhorn relaxes utterly before the figs and grapes and blue lake at Bellagio.

In his second and third trips the author was accompanied more or less constantly by his wife. In the Scheideck Pass he had previously met a party of tourists "led by a lady in bloomer," who "skipped over the stones with evident pleasure at defying the difficulties of her sex." He then took occasion to remark that "ladies cannot well walk far with comfort in the mountains if they wear their proper dress." Afterwards "we met a lady

\* "The Regular Swiss Round, In Three Trips. By the Rev. Harry Jones, M.A. Illustrated by Edward Whymper." London and New York: Alexander Strahan. [Second edition.] Pp. 393.



and her husband, the former in crinoline, who were making a very toilsome business of the ascent. Hoops may be graceful in a drawing-room, but they make a wretched dragged show in a rough mountain pass on a wet day." Why then insinuate that the first lady was not in her "proper dress?" Shall the drawing-room be the standard of propriety for those women also who, he mentions (at Champéry), "go to the other extreme and wear *bond fide* jacket and trousers, precisely like a boy's, while they are engaged in tending cows upon the mountains?"

We need hardly call the attention of Mr. Jones's publishers to the typographical carelessness which has marred this else well-printed and conveniently bound book, which we should like to commend *in toto* to the travelling and the non-travelling public. In reading, not critically, we were forced to notice some forty inaccuracies of one kind and another, often two or three on a page, and mostly quite discreditably to the proof reader. It is difficult to excuse their appearance or reappearance in a second edition.

*Elaine.* By Alfred Tennyson. Illustrated by Gustave Doré. (London: Edward Moxon & Co.)—Tennyson's "Elaine," with Doré's illustrations, of which Scribner, Welford & Co. have received a specimen, will be a magnificent book, no doubt, and will, perhaps, deserve to be called, in the language of the prospectus, "*The Christmas Gift-Book for 1866.*" It will, at all events, be a splendid "Elaine," printed in large and beautiful type, on large quarto pages. Without regard to the pictures, it would be delightful to own the "Idyls of the King" in such a form. Of the pictures we cannot as yet speak very fully. There are to be nine engravings on steel; and one may subscribe five guineas for artists' proofs, or one guinea for prints, or else two guineas for photographs from the original drawings. Four of these latter are before us. The first represents Sir Launcelot riding toward the castle of Astolat,

"Tired from the west; far on a hill, the towers,"

and dense forest all around. The second is of the farewell her brothers take of the maid of Astolat, as the dumb old servitor pushes off the funeral barge from land. The third follows close, and shows the barge ascending the river, the body lying in state, and the dumb man rowing steadily. And the remaining picture is of Arthur's hall at Camelot, where Percivale and Galahad have brought in the maid of Astolat, and Arthur is reading the letter that she had held. What the other subjects are we have never heard. It will not be well to speak at length of these pictures until all are here together. They certainly contain much that seems the evidence of power. But it is always an unpleasant thing to look at Doré's rendering of any subject that one cares for, and any story that one deeply feels. And the illustration of Tennyson's most imaginative and highly-finished poem, the "Idyls," is quite foreign to and beyond his "gifts." It is with no hesitation that we disagree, beforehand, with that enthusiastic brother Ernest Doré, who has written of this work, "*Mon frère a fait cette fois-ci le grand succès qui fera descendre son nom à la postérité.*"

*The Crown of Wild Olive.* Three Lectures on Work, Traffic, and War. By John Ruskin, M.A. (John Wiley & Son, New York.)—Three sermons rather—three rather ungracious, because certainly unexpected, callings of sinners to repentance. To the working-men of Camberwell Mr. Ruskin says: "When both kinds are equally well and worthily done, the head's is the noble work, and the hand's the ignoble." To the merchants of Bradford, anxious to be told how to build an exchange, he "can only at present suggest decorating its frieze with pendent purses; and making its pillars broad at base, for the sticking of bills," with a Britannia of the Market in its innermost chambers, having a partridge for her crest, "fostering what she brought not forth," like him "that getteth riches not by right," as is the Scriptural simile. To the pupils at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich he quotes the passage from "Sartor Resartus" describing the meeting of the Thirty of the British, with the Thirty of the French, village of Dumdrudge, who, "busy as the devil is," had "not the smallest" quarrel. The string which holds this chapter together was, in the author's notion, peace; but the very clear ideas of peace which are displayed in the first two chapters become sadly disturbed in the closing one, which treats directly of war. Because, apparently, a sword and shield make fitter carved ornaments for a dead knight than do cricket-bat and ball, he would prefer that a man should earn his bread "by sword play"—riding out "occasionally to fight his neighbor for exercise"—"by thrusting, than by batting." The premises are incongruously chosen, but the conclusion is lamentable. There is much other false feeling and bad logic scattered through this book, in which, with several unfavorable allusions to the late war for the Union in this country, he dares to contrast the Pagan victory of the Spartans at Corinth—a "decisive battle . . . with the loss of eight men"—with the Christian victory "at indecisive Gettysburg," costing 30,000 men to the winning side. On the other hand, these discussions abound in gems of politico-economical wisdom. "The wealth of nations, as of men," we read in the preface, "consists in substance, not in ciphers; and the real good of all work and of all commerce depends on the final worth of the thing you make or get by it; and it is a mistaken notion 'that business is always good, whether it be busy in mischief or in benefit; and that buying and selling are always salutary, whatever the intrinsic worth of what you buy or sell.'" "It is the law of heaven that you shall not be able to judge what is wise or easy unless you are first resolved to judge what is just, and to do it. That," adds our preacher, "is the one thing constantly reiterated by our Master—the order of all others that is given oitenest—'Do justice and judgment.' That's your Bible order; that's the 'service of God,' not praying nor psalm-singing." Elsewhere he says, likewise as if from the pulpit:

"Everybody in this room has been taught to pray daily, 'Thy kingdom come.' Now, if we hear a man swear in the streets, we think it very wrong, and say he 'takes God's name in vain.' But there is a twenty times worse way of taking his name in vain than that. It is to ask God for what we do not want. . . . If you do not wish for his kingdom, don't pray for it. But if you do, you must do more than pray for it; you must work for it. And, to work for it, you must know what it is; we have all prayed for it many a day without thinking. Observe, it is a kingdom that is to come to us," etc.

Beautifully, again, he declares:

"My wonder, even when things are at their worst, is always at the height which this human nature can attain. Thinking it high, I find it always a higher thing than I thought it; while those who think it low find it, and will find it, always lower than they thought it; the fact being that it is infinite, and capable of infinite height and infinite fall; but the nature of it—and here is the faith which I would have you hold with me—the nature of it is in the nobleness, not in the catastrophe."

There is a monstrous fallacy in the chapter on traffic which mingles singularly with a homily on Russian and Austrian loans contracted in the English market for the suppression of Poland and Italy. "Taste," says Mr. Ruskin, "is not only a part and an index of morality—it is the *only* morality;" and he argues the proposition as if taste were a simple and not a complex quality. "Tell me what you like, and I'll tell you what you are." If we allow Mr. Ruskin to catechize himself, "I like," he will answer, "a Turner landscape; it is 'the perpetual contemplation of a good and perfect thing—it is the taste of angels.'" As if that "entirely moral quality," as he calls it, excluded a taste for Jefferson Davis and Gov. Eyre. Are not, O preacher, these also a part of your liking, and shall we judge from them what you are?

*The Holy Bible*; with Illustrations by Gustave Doré. (London and New York: Cassell, Petter & Galpin.)—Doré's Bible was published nearly a year ago in its original form, that is, in connection with the French text "*d'après la Vulgate.*" The edition or editions were soon exhausted, and it is now but seldom that a copy is offered for sale, even at the high price which it commands. Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co. are publishing the illustrations in connection with the English "authorized version;" but it will be yet many months before the work will be completed. The English edition omits the curious and ingenious designs which decorate the pages of the French text, emblematic devices forming a separation between the two columns of letter-press, of which designs there were so many different patterns that it seemed to one turning the leaves as if none were twice repeated. It is probable that the impressions of the wood cuts will be inferior in the London edition to those which were first published in Paris; and the few numbers that we have before us confirm that presumption. Of the few most remarkable illustrations of this series none are contained in the four numbers we have received of the English edition. For there are a few which are of very extraordinary merit in their way, and reveal powers in M. Doré which have not been so plainly shown before. But, as a whole, this monstrous work must be considered his least successful one. The "*Contes Drôlatiques*," the "*Jaif Errant*," and the "*Histoire de la Sainte Russie*" are works in which M. Doré is much more at home. That branch of wit which is found in sneers at deformity and distress, and in unclean jests of all kinds, this artist excels in. The horrors he enjoys are almost made endurable by his skill. And if it be said that the works we have named afford no opportunity for the display of skill in drawing, it is to be answered that M. Doré very seldom shows any admirable skill in drawing. That he *can* draw is evident; but the most of his work is as reckless and hasty as it is facile. When a draughtsman has been highly trained in the French school he cannot draw altogether wrongly. But between drawing easily and drawing rightly is a boundary which M. Doré seldom passes; and between designing easily and designing nobly is a boundary he never passes. The present popularity of his work is in every way unfortunate, and, we believe, destined to be short-lived.

*One-Armed Hugh, the Little Corn Merchant.* By Mrs. A. S. Moffat. (Graves & Young, Boston.)—This is a boys' and girls' story particularly adapted to the locality of Boston, but as good wherever else it may be read. It is not violently improbable, and it is quite well done in parts. The villain of the plot—not a very bad one—is named Ralph, a popular cognomen for stage and novel miscreants ever since the days of Ralph Nickleby, at least. And this one talks Dickens in more or less incorrect orthography, as "*Macawber*" and "*Cheerible*." The character of Tib is drawn with a good deal of originality and piquancy, and Hugh is a pretty natural hero. The general criticism must be applied to this as to nine-tenths of our juvenile literature; there is too abundant use of words above the average comprehension of the young. Mrs. Moffat also indulges too readily in the slang of childhood; but this is an error that proceeds from her evident sympathy with that age, which is, of course, a large part of her success.

*The Metric System.* (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.)—This timely compilation is calculated for threefold service—as a record of the acts of Congress legalizing the use of the French system of weights and measures, as a history of the system itself, and as a text-book for schools and hand-book for the people. M. Lamotte's simple essay is joined with problems which show not only the relation, but the easy and philosophical relation, of the different parts of the metric system, and, inferentially, the vast saving that it would make in the calculations of every nation and community of nations. Our public schools are likely to receive this innovation last, but the masters of private schools, if they wish to second the wise provision of Congress, have only to resolve to do so, and, as far as their pupils are concerned, it will be done. We recommend to them, as to all school committees, the little book before us, believing, also, that our commercial colleges cannot adopt it too soon.

*Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.*

*All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION should be addressed to the Editor.*

### WILL THE AMENDMENT BE A FINAL SETTLEMENT?

In discussing, two weeks ago, the probable result of the adoption of the amendment by the Southern States, we expressed our belief that whatever the feeling of individual members of Congress or of the more radical members of the Republican party out of doors might be, the expectations of the country, and the general understanding of the matter by the South, were such that it would be found impossible in practice to deny admission to loyal members from States which had formally complied with the requirements of Congress. Congress, it is true, is not bound to anything; but it would, nevertheless, disappoint a majority of those who are now supporting it, if, after the South had freely accepted the amendment, it were suddenly to announce that it was still not satisfied, and that its last word had still to be spoken; and it would more than disappoint them if it had no better excuse to make for not having spoken out its whole mind last session than its own indecision or timidity, or want of confidence in the people. In fact, to announce in December next that "the plan of reconstruction," which it produced after six months' labor, was, after all, no plan at all, and did not contain the things which the majority consider of vital importance, would be such a piece of self-stultification that we feel satisfied no party will urge it.

But supposing the South to accept the proposed terms and its representatives to take their seats on the basis of reconciliation now offered, would the struggle then be over? Would the country be completely pacified? Would the "fanatics" be silenced? Would the "negro question" be removed from the political arena? These are queries which very few people just now put to themselves, and fewer still take the trouble to answer. The sanguine temperament created by a century of private and public prosperity, and which gives a buoyancy to the American character that the less fortunate European, whose greatest and most stirring traditions are those of unsuccessful battles with fortune, can hardly understand, have rendered us reluctant from the very outset of the struggle with the South to do more than provide for each day as it came. The founders of the Republic hoped that slavery would die out; their sons hoped that it would be shut up by "isothermal lines," and that Providence would in some way or other take it in hand; their grandsons hoped they would extinguish it by preventing its further spread. Then when Secession began we all hoped the seceders would come back; hoped they would not fight; hoped, if they did fight, they would not fight more than ninety days. All through the war each of our victories was "a crusher." We "broke the backbone of the rebellion" or "filled the rebels with grief and dismay" about once a month.

Since the peace we have been equally sanguine. We fondly believed that Lee's surrender was the end of all trouble. How many sagacious men set themselves to believe and to persuade others that Andrew Johnson was raised up to do the work which had to be done, but for which Mr. Lincoln would have been unfitted? And how eagerly we all tried, during the earlier months of his administration, to look upon the good man's silence as proof of his profundity, and on his queer speeches as stratagems intended to confound the enemy!

There is some danger that this hopeful disposition may now render the amendment a snare and delusion to a great many tender souls. There are thousands upon thousands who do not occupy themselves ordinarily very much with politics, though always ready to do their duty, who see behind the adoption of the amendment such a time of peace and good-will as this generation, at least, has never known. There is to be a grand revival of the dry goods and cheap carriage business at the South; the negroes are, somehow or other, to get into their proper place; the agitators are all to go home and raise cabbages or peddle popped-corn on the trains, and the Radical newspapers will have to offer free board and lodging to secure subscribers. There is to be a general renewal of social relations with the South, and there is to be

general howling and gnashing of teeth amongst the envious and malignant European aristocrats.

Nobody who watches the tendency of the times, however, can help seeing that the arrangement made by the amendment, by which the Southern whites are allowed to deny negroes political rights as long as they (the whites) are willing to have them excluded from the basis of representation, will really settle very little. It will close that phase of the contest on which we entered when the war broke out, in which force was substituted for argument and invective. The adoption of the amendment by the South in good faith, combined with even a moderate abstinence from violence and rowdiness, will doubtless restore the regular operation of law all over the Union, and place the revolted States in normal relations with the rest of the country. But it will not restore harmony between the two sections. It will not close the agitation at the North about the condition of the Southern negroes, that perennial fountain of bitterness by which Southerners were or professed to be so maddened. It will not silence Wendell Phillips, or even men tenfold more moderate than Wendell Phillips. It will not put an end to Northern attempts to interfere with "Southern institutions." It will not close that long series of assaults on the doctrine of State independence which began with the anti-slavery agitation, and which Conservatives predict will culminate before long in the establishment of a centralized government.

And the reason is simply this, that ideas of natural justice and right have so thoroughly permeated politics in all civilized countries, that no conventional arrangement, whether treaty, enactment, or constitution, nothing that we can either put on paper or ratify ever so solemnly, can prevent men from declaiming against what they consider wrong or unjust, whether it concerns themselves or not. This is one of the most striking characteristics of our age, and all abuses are slowly going down before it. The condition of Poland has been of no sort of material consequence to the rest of the world for the last century, and yet the talk and opinions of the rest of the world about it have made Poland a thorn in the side of Russia, which, giant as she is, never gives her a moment's rest. The Austrian dominion in Italy was secured by the most powerful guarantees that the wit of man can devise, and yet it has fallen before the opinions of men whom Austria had never injured, and to whom her policy in Venice or Lombardy was of no sort of personal consequence. The condition of the working-classes in England is, conventionally considered, no affair of ours, and yet there is no question that our talk about it, and about human rights generally, and the efforts we are daily making to remove all vestiges of inequality from our institutions, are fast rendering the disfranchisement of the English working-classes impossible. And as long as men are here amongst us excluded from any right or privilege, in virtue of no matter what arrangement or agreement or sanction, on so irrational a ground as the color of their skins, agitation will rage about it, society will be convulsed by efforts to overthrow the discrimination, and real peace and reunion we shall not have. No matter how foolish, or inexpedient, or injudicious, or, from a legal point of view, how wrong it may seem for Northern agitators to declaim against particular features of Southern society, they will continue to declaim. The moral sense, or conscience, or whatever you please to call it, perverted, ill-trained, or ill-regulated though it may be, is in every country, and especially in this, rising above conventional arrangements of all kinds, and will not be bound by them. We may not think much of the learning or experience or good taste of the agitators; but agitate they will. You may talk as you please about "the letter" or "the spirit" of the Constitution, or the meaning of its framers; but if you talk too long the agitators will tell you they do not care a fig for your Constitution, and will have justice done. There are men to whom the destruction of the local independence of a State is a terrible thing, just as there are men in Europe to whom the uprooting of a monarchy or of an aristocracy is a terrible thing; but their fears and objections only make the new school of politicians—the school which is rapidly taking possession of the world, and whose main aim is to build up in every state the kingdom of God, as they understand it—laugh in derision. Those who value traditions, legal continuity, the forms of law, the connection between past and present, are in all countries seeking to make the substitution of the new ideas for the old regular,



orderly, and peaceful. The real destructives and revolutionists are the so-called conservatives, who seek, like the Cavaliers who tried to hold their feudal castles against Roundhead artillery, to barricade old institutions behind forms which have lost their vitality, and to put down men who believe they have God behind them by citing cases from the reports and quoting the decisions of the Attorney-General. There is, of course, no country in the world in which the attempt would be more futile than in this. No constitutional amendment, and no agreement that can be made with the South, will ever blind a large body of the Northern people to the outrageous absurdity, in a democratic republic, of making the color of a man's skin a reason for denying him anything which he or other men value; and as long as they see it they will talk about and inveigh against it, and lead the authors of it an uncomfortable and contentious life. Perhaps they ought not to do so; perhaps it were wiser not to do so; perhaps they should leave the whole matter, as Mr. Beecher would recommend, to the disposal of Providence. But the fact is that they will do nothing of the kind; and we all know it. Therefore, if it be the talk of fanatics that shakes the republic to its centre, the only remedy is to leave the fanatics nothing to talk about.

### POPULAR "LEADERS."

WE appreciate heroes and hero worship. When the hero is a genuine hero, and the worship sincere, we are glad to be among the devotees. But prudential hero-worship, hero-worship got up for effect as a part of the social machinery, does not command our respect. As long as the idolaters are free to set up their idol, to inspect him, to touch him, pull him down if he ceases to be worshipful in their eyes, the relation between the two parties may be natural, sweet, and serviceable. But the attempt to surround with sanctity an image no longer sacred, and to palm off upon the people for their edification an image they are not inclined to revere, is at once impertinent and demoralizing. There is a prevalent impression and a prevalent fear that to diminish the reputation of individuals is to impair the moral power of the community; that the people cannot spare their leaders, and must wander about in figurative sheep-skins and goat-skins if they are allowed to lose faith in their guides. Poor people! Are they never to be trusted to find out who are their own, or to go ever so little way, unled, by force of their own motive power?

In America the people are not subject, but sovereign. Rulers are their servants, not their lords. The Government is set to execute their will, not instituted to dictate it. The Congress is a general committee; the Cabinet is a select board of directors; the President is chairman *pro tempore*. Here the rulers do the courting and flattering, and the people meekly accept the honors. The leader asks the people whither he shall lead. Our political machinery is constructed on the principle that the motive power is all in the people; that with them is authority to set up and to pull down; that they must, at least, be consulted, whether they be wise or not, and obeyed, whether or no they be just. It is the cue of the politicians to ascribe to them all imaginable virtues, to cajole and bribe them, to lick the dust from their shoes; and yet here, too, the people are so weak-minded and fickle that they cannot stand alone, or walk alone, but will sink into the mire of depravity if these very persons, perhaps, are taken away!

Do those who are so jealous of individual reputations and influence think of this? If they hold in good faith our theory of government, their scrupulosity in regard to the criticism on prominent men is of the nature of an affront to the people. It is an indirect protest against their claim to hold the sovereign power; a denial of the principle which concedes to them the sovereignty, and, practically, a rejection of their certificate of qualification. And this is worse than a speculative blunder; it is a grave moral fault. Our views of government may be unsound; but we profess to believe them sound. The theory of human nature on which our institutions rest may be unphilosophical; but they are not so to us. Our estimate of the popular intelligence and virtue may be extravagant; but we are bound to accept it or abandon our principles. Our institutions may be an experiment; for that very reason they should be taken in full faith. On what other terms can the experiment be made successful? Men who wish for the triumph of re-

publicanism will not begin by doubting, even by implication, its fundamental postulates. If it were true that the people did depend on individual leaders, the truth should not be needlessly confessed, but rather concealed, and the effort should be made continually to bring about the state of things in which it might be true no longer. Such a fact would indicate imperfection in our *régime*, and an arrest of development in our social organization, which every thoughtful republican should deplore. In this country, if the people are not able to stand without artificial props, the sooner they can be taught to stand so the better.

For ourselves, we are glad to believe that the people are not so helplessly dependent on their leaders as these jealous custodians seem to presume. The people, in fact, make their leaders, and not only make them but lead them, go in advance of them; hold them rather as standards and trumpets, signs of their own power, than as anything else. The leader leads because he treads with prouder step along the way that all the rest are treading, and follows more conspicuously what all the rest follow. The great men of this country become great by virtue of their power to connect themselves with some great popular sentiment, conviction, or interest. They offer points of crystallization. Sumner reached his commanding position through his unswerving loyalty to the anti-slavery conscience of New England. Seward rose to pre-eminence in consequence of his fidelity to the causes in which the people were mainly interested, and crowned himself lord of the common heart by a single phrase. The words "irrepressible conflict" won for him a renown that is not yet wholly departed. Frémont was an idol because he avowed the worship of justice that the multitude were secretly cherishing. No man leads the people who is not in sympathy with the people. Beecher towers up as he does not by reason of his vast intellectual superiority, but by reason of his cordial fellowship with mankind, his interest in the common welfare, his confidence in the public instinct, and his cheerful response to the public call.

This is known to none so well as the leaders themselves. How carefully they finger the popular pulse! How delicately they feel the lines of tendency in the popular will! How sedulously they collect the straws that tell which way the wind is blowing! They become fools in order that they may be wise. Popular leadership in America is a different thing from popular leadership in England, and the difference marks the distinction in the ruling ideas of the two countries. The English leaders take for granted, perhaps half consciously, the aristocratic character of their social system. They are educators of the masses. Among people uninstructed, powerless, unprivileged, to a great extent disfranchised, dimly conscious of their capacity, unconscious of their rights, men like John Bright or Richard Cobden are great lights and pillars of power. There attaches to them something of the same importance that belongs to institutions. Masses of mind hang upon them. They are centres of permanent influence. In his treatise on liberty Mill complained that the power of high individualities was declining. The power of his own high individuality is greater than it ever was, and were that to decline England would be bereaved. The recent defection of Thomas Carlyle to the Eyre party is a serious blow to the average morality. Even the apostasy of Charles Kingsley is of moment, as affecting the progress of liberal ideas. But here no such relation between leaders and led exists. The people, if not disciplined, instructed, or wise, are active and intelligent. They know their power and are willing it should be known. They do not think much or reason much, but they feel and will a great deal. It happens, therefore, that our most powerful men find themselves compelled to take up the points on which the people are already excited, and to strike in with the tendencies that are already developed. They cannot initiate movements, inaugurate causes, introduce new ideas, as the English radicals do. They must meet the popular feeling on issues already made. They may be accomplished men, but the influence of their general accomplishment is not appreciable on the people—it is not brought to bear on them. The people first express their want; the leaders of the people then meet the want as adroitly as they can. Wendell Phillips is the only man of independent fortune, high social position, distinguished ability, and remarkable personal influence, who has devoted his life to the education of the people in the ideas that lie

broadly at the basis of their social constitution. But he has been too far in advance of the people, and, perhaps, too intellectual, to establish strong sympathetic relations between himself and them. And, besides, the one cause to which he has been devoted with his utmost energy, and with which he is associated in the popular mind, is now so firmly grounded as to rest no longer upon him. Fine leadership is an immense advantage, in critical times it is indispensable. Without leaders the people would stumble about sadly. But, even in critical times, the leaders are less indispensable to the people than the people are to the leaders.

Hence, even in hours of great peril, the leaders are dropped without the least hesitation if they waver, or are suspected of wavering, in their allegiance. Witness Frémont. He was once the ideal man. No one had such a hold of the popular enthusiasm—a romantic interest attached to him. The mention of his name started thunders of applause. Where is he now? The instant his position became equivocal he was abandoned; nor did the public sentiment suffer from his loss. Witness Seward. The man was able, adroit, sagacious, ambitious. He seemed to understand the people. He devoted the years of a most industrious life to the erection of political renown and the attainment of political power. He was loved, trusted, followed; he was looked up to and clung to. He proved faithless to those who had adored him, and where is he? His fall has not shaken the hearts of as many men as could assemble within the sound of his voice. Witness Beecher again—a more remarkable instance still. Here is an intrinsically great man, capable of exciting vast enthusiasm, and wielding an influence at once extensive and profound. He occupies a commanding position as lecturer, preacher, reformer, and politician. He has some thousands of men and women weekly under his intellectual sway; he holds them to him by his eloquence, his wisdom, his humanity, and also by that peculiar tie which binds parishioners to their pastor. For nearly twenty years he has been moulding the public mind with powerful hands. The country did not bound his fame; it scarcely seemed to bound his influence. In an unhappy moment he seems to desert the principles he has always maintained, and to fall out of sympathy with the people who had supported him, and those very people, instead of being shaken, stand firm as ever; if anything, their moral confidence rises; at all events, it makes such demonstration as more than atones for his backsliding. They say, "We love Mr. Beecher well, but we love more the principles in which he has educated us. We prove how truly we honor him by not going with him." A more remarkable case of intellectual independence could not be produced. The leader had every attribute of power and every advantage of position, yet his faltering, or apparent faltering, threw nobody out of line and made nobody despond.

The truth is that the people drop their leaders even too easily—before the latter have a fair chance to vindicate themselves. They are hasty in judgment, impetuous in action, and violent in resentment, as of old they were. They do need patience, reflection, consideration; they need education, too, and discipline, such as come from the permanent action of trained minds. The fickleness of the people has passed into a proverb. We hope it is something better than fickleness that makes reputations so evanescent and persons of so little account in our political and social world. We are persuaded that it is something better. No doubt caprice, passion, restlessness, pride of power, conceit of wisdom, rude self-satisfaction with themselves as arbiters of destiny, have much to do with the serene composure they manifest when their idols fall and are dashed in pieces; but below all this there is the strong dumb instinct which feels its way through obscure problems, the practical common sense which events are educating all the time, and the shrewd intelligence which has everything put upon it by the necessities of social existence, and is daily exercised, of course daily instructed and disciplined, by such a popular press as is nowhere else on earth dreamed of. If the cause of the almost scornful indifference which the people show towards great reputations be thus noble, nothing need be feared from the decrease of hero-worship among us; the lessening of individuals will but indicate the greatening of the mass. But even if the cause be as ignoble as some of our friends suspect, the fact of the indifference remains the same, and it becomes all the more imperative that the educators of the people should make the popular self-confidence wise and sound.

### HAVE WE COME TO CESARISM?

WHEN "that acrimonious malcontent," as the Boston *Advertiser* calls him, Mr. Montgomery Blair, came back from increasing the Republican majorities in Maine, he made a violent speech, which was very calmly listened to, in Faneuil Hall. He vilified Mr. Stanton and Gen. Holt, justified President Johnson in every measure of his policy, predicted a double Congress, and prognosticated a South American state of things generally. We mean, for the present, to touch on a single point only. Mr. Blair, speaking of Congress in the style of the Johnson men, sets against the opinion of the overwhelming majority of the lawfully elected Congress the President "elected by the whole," representing, as Mr. Blair thinks, the opinion of the people more directly and more positively than Congress, each member of which is elected by a single district only.

Dismissing the consideration that, unfortunately, very little attention is paid by the people to the name of the candidate for the Vice-Presidency; that it is almost inseparably coupled with the name of the candidate for the Presidency; and that the *indirectness* of Andrew Johnson's arrival at the Presidency is bitterly historical,—waiving these reflections, we would ask Mr. Blair whether the chief characteristic of our great polity—ranging over all other characteristics, however important in their turn—is or is not a *representative republicanism*? To place the nationally elected executive above the national legislature, in point of representing the national will and desire; to consider the man, avowedly elected to *execute* the laws, as a truer index and embodiment of public opinion than Congress—purposely consisting of a number of men representing different portions of the community, and purposely *not* elected by general ticket,—Congress, which unitedly evolves the public will (that is, law) out of the public opinion represented by them, is nothing less than the French theory of the *elect of the people*; it is democratic-monarchical absolutism. The executive, said Napoleon I., in a letter to the Minister of Justice, published in the collection of his letters by Napoleon III., is the true representative of the people; and the idea of *liberty* contained in *Cesarism* as proclaimed by the present Bonapartists, is this: The nation, by universal suffrage, gives over all power and sovereignty to one man, saying, Be thou our sultan.

This may be a "beautifully" simple theory, and a doctrine charming to many; but we would modestly observe to Mr. Blair that it is not American representative republicanism; that it is no representative government at all; and that the people are not yet ripe for so base a state of things as this "beautiful" implies. But the idea is not wholly un-Blairish. Well do we recollect the times when the father of Mr. Montgomery Blair, editing a newspaper in General Jackson's period, repeatedly called the strong-willed President the "elected tribune of the people," and told him he represented the people better, more truly, and more directly than Congress did or could do. It has always been so. The snobs and flunkies side with the executive—king, president, or whatever he may be called. It is so easy to attack Parliament or Congress or Landtag with impunity, although the publicists of past ages, even monarchical publicists, have always called the "legislature the sovereign power in a free country." The greater is the reason why all earnest men, who do not hunger for immediate appointment, should rally around our Congress.

We advise Mr. Blair, should he really desire to know the truth, to read the debates of the framers of our Constitution on the particular question whether the executive power should be vested in one man or a committee—a directory, as the French adopted it later for a short time. He will find in these debates that, after it had once been settled that monarchy should be discarded, not a solitary member of the convention ascribed to the executive a representative character as to legislation or acts of leading statesmanship; and the *uni-executive* was finally adopted (we think fortunately so, despite the public danger which is always involved in it) because it was believed that a committee had shown itself inadequate as an executive under the articles of confederation, but by no means because it was desired to set up a Gallican sultan-representative over against an elaborately organized national representation and partial State representation in two houses.



Mr. Blair and all who side with him are not only unrepresentative in their views, they are anti-representative, they are unconstitutional, and ought to emigrate to France, study Rousseau's unmitigated democracy bottled up in one Cæsar, and live in the shadow of democratic imperialism, as happy as, doubtless, those painted roses of tin and other made-up flowers felt, of which Suetonius speaks when describing the gardens of the imperators.

### AUGURY FROM DUCKS.

WE believe that *ducks* were not included among the birds by whose flight the Roman augurs used to take the auspices. But as, according to Hosea Biglow, "they didn't know everything down in *Judee*," no more did they in Rome. And there is no reason why our soothsayers may not prognosticate future events by observing the flight of *canards* as Gérôme's augurs did by seeing how chickens picked up their allowance, or whether vultures flew over the left or over the right shoulder. Such an one, for example, as was let loose in Washington by the correspondent of the *Philadelphia Ledger* a fortnight ago, and which, first perching on the ridge-pole of the office of that print, took its flight thence all over the country, in every direction, winged by the very lightning itself, was not without its warning of what may come to pass. It told a lie, to be sure, as to what it professed to reveal, but it was the means of foreshadowing possible events of which he that sent it flying never dreamt. It was a high crime and misdemeanor on his part, and he deserves a severe punishment for it. Lord Cochrane was sentenced to imprisonment and to stand in the pillory, though an earl's son and an M.P., for a stock jobbing trick of this kind, some fifty years ago or more. To be sure he was a troublesome radical and had Lord Ellenborough for a judge, and his actual complicity in the affair was always denied by himself and his friends. But such and so infamous was a lie with circumstance like this, intended to cheat innocent people by means of false news, deemed to be in England then, and so it should be esteemed and chastised in this country.

But we leave him to the mercy of the bears, whose natural enemies, the bulls, he helped by his leasing, and to the public prosecutors, whose business it is, or should be, to look after him. Our concern is only with the auguries to be drawn from the circumstances attending the appearance of this ominous bird, and the effect which they produced on the minds of the spectators. Though a "dead duck" now, it yet speaketh, and its utterances are well worth attending to. In the first place, the universal credence which was given at first to its pretended message showed that men's minds were prepared for the possibility of such a design as it foreshadowed. It was not rejected as a patent absurdity on the face of it, as might well have been the case had it come from any other quarter of the heavens. Indeed, the words and deeds of Mr. Johnson, since westward he took his way like the star of empire, have made surprise an impossible sensation as far as regards himself. People only wonder what he will do and say next. He is like the elephant, which was the greatest elephant in the world except himself. At least, it is very clear that such is the estimation in which he holds himself. And when a thoroughly vain man, with small ballast of common sense, is invested with great, and what seems to himself, at least, irresponsible power, there is no telling beforehand what antics he may play. The flight of this *canard*, then, and the way in which it was accepted as a genuine manifestation of the will of our Jove, showed that the people were prepared for some such manifestation, and thought it nothing particularly out of the common way of this most uncommon man. It did seem a little odd, to be sure, that our Jupiter-Scapin should give us two months' notice of his intended *coup d'état*; but then his ways are past finding out, and are not as the ways of other men. No common rules apply to him. History does not reproduce herself in his instance any more than in any other. "None but himself can be his parallel."

And, in the second place, this winged phenomenon made very manifest the determination of the men who believed its message true, that the crime it suggested as in contemplation should not be consummated. Loyal men had different theories as to the precise method to be adopted; but they were all of one mind on that point. Even the opinion of Attorney-General Stanberry, should it reflect that of the

President, was not to be permitted to override the clear meanings of the Constitution, which even the President had so often recognized as such, before the foul witch Rebellion had prevailed against his soberer judgment with her enchantments. The announcement of the pretended action of the Executive created no violent excitement in men's minds. The stock-jobbers who were cornered by it did by far the greatest part of the blaspheming which it called forth. A distinct proposition was brought before the contemplation of all men which, under the unfortunate hardship we suffer from, was one not to be rejected as a palpable absurdity, but as expressing a possible contingency. It was this: Shall the President, the officer sworn to execute the laws, be permitted to set them at defiance by intruding, by the arms of the nation, members into the legislative branches of the Government without their complying with the conditions prescribed by law as precedent to such reception?

The Northern people, having shown in war that they were not the cowards the rebels professed to believe them, are now determined to show in peace that they are not such fools as they take them to be. And this determination has been brought to a practical point by the concoction of this stock-jobbing lie and the way it was received, urged home upon every loyal man that the possibility, nay, the probability of its being true, was tacitly recognized by every other loyal man. Without concert or any particular excitement, but one feeling seemed to prevail among them all, and that was that no such crime should be committed. The late elections show that the strength of the nation is on the side of Congress in this dispute, which the President alone originated and maintains, and that the deliberate sense of the nation is that the rebel element shall never be restored to political power excepting under restrictions which shall limit its powers of mischief until it shall be finally eliminated by death or conversion. Another war as long, as bloody, and as costly as the one just ended were a better alternative than the admission of an intestine foe, disposed and able to complicate our affairs and to embarrass our prosperity for years to come. But no such alternative is necessary or possible. The physical force which the political victories of the last fortnight indicate most emphatically, will probably prevent any actual outbreak of treason at the capital.

### RENUNCIATION.

Oh, wherefore thus, apart with drooping wings,  
Thou stillest, saddest angel,  
With hidden face, as if but bitter things  
Thou hadst, and no evangel?

Thou know'st that through our tears  
Of hasty, selfish weeping,  
Comes surer sun; and for our petty fears  
Of loss, thou hast in keeping  
A greater gain than all of which we dreamed.  
Thou knowest that in grasping  
The bright possessions which so precious seemed,  
We lose them; but if, clasping  
Thy faithful hand, we tread with steadfast feet  
The path of thy appointing,  
There waits for us a treasury of sweet  
Delight; royal anointing  
With oil of gladness and of strength!

H. H.

### PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, Oct. 12, 1866.

WHILE the Emperor Napoleon, under the action of the invigorating air of Biarritz, is "renewing his youth," like the "eagles" which are the cognizance of his house; while the King of Prussia is annexing Germany; while Venice is annexing herself to Italy; while "all the Russias," having finished paying compliments to the United States, are going wild over the charms of their future Czarina Dagmar; and ex-majesties, ex-princelings, and ex-courtiers innumerable are taking up their abode in Switzerland,—the energetic but overtasked and over-anxious Empress of Mexico is suffering from attacks of nervous excitement that at times threaten her reason; Baron James de Rothschild, of this city, head of the great group of money-

kings whose royalty bids fair to outlast so many others, has been laid up with a malady that has already cost him one eye and that threatens the other; and a M. N—C—, a well-known mining engineer, who is vouched for as being a man of talent and education, of cool and methodical temperament, and about thirty years of age, has become, most unexpectedly to himself, the hero of a nine days' fit of wonderment on the part of the Parisians, from the fact that his hair, black and unusually luxuriant, has been whitened in a single night under the impression of a dream.

"We should not give space to the narrative of this singular adventure," says the editor of the *Pays*, in whose columns the incident was originally mentioned, "were it not that M. C— is personally well known to us as a truthful and honorable man, and has himself furnished us with the account we publish, affirming on oath the absolute exactness of every detail therein given."

From the account thus given to the public it appears that M. C—, when inspecting certain mineral tracts in Brittany, stopped one night at a little roadside inn a few hundred yards distant from a mine which he had never seen, but which he purposed visiting next day. Having walked many miles in the course of the day, M. C—, on reaching the inn, felt very tired. He accordingly went to bed early, fell asleep at once, and dreamed, he asserts, the following dream: He thought that he had just been appointed to the management of the mine in question, and he was busy in superintending the work of the miners, when the owner of the mine appeared on the ground. This man, rough and ill-bred, addressed the new manager rudely, reproaching him with his inactivity, adding:

"Instead of standing there, with your arms folded, seeing other men work, you would do better to go down into the mine and draw the plan of it, as you engaged to do."

"I will go down and begin the drawings at once," replied the young engineer, hurt and annoyed at the manner of his employer.

Placing himself forthwith in the basket, he ordered the men at the windlass to let him down into the mine. This was done; the basket reached the bottom; and then, summoning a couple of the workmen to precede him with their lamps, he explored the various galleries of the mine, and, having made a plan of the workings, returned to the bottom of the shaft, got into the basket, and gave the signal for the ascent. As he placed himself in the basket he remarked the great thickness of the rope which served to hoist it, and calculated that, the mine being unusually deep, the ascent could scarcely be accomplished in less than a quarter of an hour.

He had been ascending thus for two or three minutes when, chancing to raise his eyes, he espied what seemed to him to be an abrasion of the rope by which he was being drawn up. Startled by this appearance, he fixed his eyes on the portion of the rope which had attracted his attention, and saw distinctly that the rope was cut a few feet above his head, just out of reach of his hand. His terror at this discovery was such that he nearly fainted. Rousing himself, by force of will, from the stupor of apprehension that had so nearly overcome him, he compelled himself to calmness, and set himself again to examine the rope. Perhaps he was mistaken; he would look again. But no; he was not mistaken. The rope had rubbed against some projection of the rocky walls which hemmed him in, and its strands were untwisting slowly but visibly. At the injured point the thickness of the massive cable was already reduced to less than an inch.

The unfortunate man felt that his doom was sealed; the conviction of the utter hopelessness of his position chilled him to the very marrow of his bones. He tried to call out, but his tongue seemed frozen. Moreover, he felt that, even if he could make himself heard (which was totally impossible, as he was now half way up), no human aid could reach him. Looking upwards, he could see the daylight at the mouth of the shaft, bright but distant, like a star. Gazing downwards, over the edge of the basket, at a depth that it made him dizzy and sick to look down to, he could see, like so many glow-worms, the lamps of the miners. And the basket, meantime, mounted higher and higher every instant, the rope cracking audibly under the increasing strain of the ascent. The unfortunate engineer saw clearly that there was no possibility of escaping the horrible fate awaiting him, and could almost count the seconds that would elapse ere the breaking of the rope must precipitate him into the fearful void below. Such was the intensity of his anguish that he was tempted to abridge its duration by throwing himself down at once, instead of awaiting any longer the inevitable instant. As he hesitated, longing yet fearing to take the fatal leap, the basket reached the mouth of the shaft. He was saved! With a loud cry he leaped from the basket, awaking as he felt once more the solid earth beneath his feet.

The horrible adventure was only a dream; but M. C— was trembling, exhausted, bathed in perspiration, and incapable of making a movement

or uttering a sound. After a time he recovered his self-command so far as to be able to ring for help. The people of the inn hastened to obey the summons, but could not at first recognize their customer of the preceding evening, for his luxuriant raven hair had become perfectly gray. And, stranger than even this physical evidence of the violence of the emotions he had undergone during his troubled slumbers, there lay upon his bed, and evidently drawn by his own hand, a plan of the adjacent mine which he was to visit on the following day, but which he had never seen, and of whose internal arrangements he had no idea; and this plan, so unaccountably produced, proved, on examination of the mine, to be absolutely correct in every particular.

So much for the story vouched for by one of the five "leading journals" of this capital; its explanation I leave to the ingenuity of your readers.

The brilliant success of Victorien Sardou's new play, "Our Worthy Villagers," is the topic of the day, and bids fair to rival that of his famous "Benoiton Family." The half of the Paris press which is sure of its dinner extols the new work of the favorite dramatist to the skies; the hungry half is as lavish in its abuse. The lucky young author pockets his gains with unruffled equanimity; and his adorers are hinting that, as the Academy has proved, by the election of Octave Feuillet and Prévost-Paradol, that it no longer regards senility as the indispensable condition of a seat among its immortals, they do not despair of seeing him in occupation of one of the "Forty Chairs" which are the *point de mire* of all Frenchmen addicted to literature.

The theatres are contributing their quota to the national subscription set on foot in aid of the victims of the late terrible inundations. They are giving up a night's receipts to this good end; the prettiest actresses, moreover, going through the house at the end of the first play and collecting the contributions of the charitably-minded or admiring spectators, to swell the total of the evening's proceeds. At one of these "benefit-nights for the inundated" the attention of the house was attracted by a silk cravat, spangled over with magnificent diamonds, worn by one of the audience. On enquiry, it appeared that the wearer of what might have been the sweepings of Aladdin's palace is the owner of one of the favorite coffee and billiard rooms of this refined and enlightened metropolis; and the enquiry naturally presents itself, Granting the diamonds of the master of the coffee-house in question to be a correct indication of his gains, what would be the splendors of the fortunate master of the "Alcazar" (the scene of Thérèse's nightly triumphs) were he to take this method of advertising the success of his speculation? Coat, vest, and trousers spangled over with the lustrous gems which tempt to so many follies, would hardly suffice to express the relative proportions of success on the part of the two coffee-house magnates, and the master of the "Alcazar" would need to complete the working out of the problem by powdering his hair, eyebrows, and whiskers with the bits of shining carbon, and hanging about his person long streamers of ribbon sewed over with diamonds, after the fashion of the last invention for showing off his treasures hit upon by that absurd old jewel-loving "horror," his Royal Highness the ex-reigning Duke of Brunswick.

Lovers of music will be glad to know that Rossini has, at last, allowed himself to be persuaded into publishing the "Maas" in music that created so great a sensation, a year and a half ago, among the privileged few who were allowed to assist at the performance, in the *maestro's* saloons, of this autumnal flower of his genius. He is working, with all the ardor of his younger days, at the orchestral score of this mass, the "O Salutaris" of which has been written, says gossip, expressly for Alboni.

#### ON EATING AND DRINKING.

FROM the blank periods of life, when the instincts are satisfied with the mother's milk, to the stage of existence when our nature is toned down, perhaps by disorders for which we alone are responsible, and possesses tastes which have been engrafted upon it or developed by constant cultivation, there is a transition so insensible that the satisfaction of the appetites comes to be regarded as a matter of course; and few, except professed physiologists, have ever stopped to enquire why we must eat, what it is best for us to eat, and what becomes of the tons of matter which we take into the body in a lifetime.

What is the real, physiological object of eating, and what is the nature and cause of the appetite? These questions are now pretty satisfactorily answered by scientific men. The wonderful and as yet unexplained principle of life which commences with the fecundated microscopic germ  $\frac{1}{125}$  of an inch in diameter, and carries us through the allotted threescore and ten years, developing, from material furnished from without, into the magnificent organism which characterizes the lord of creation, is manifested by a constant



process of waste and repair. Every instant of existence is occupied in the discharge from the body of worn-out matter. Asleep or awake, in repose or activity, in health and in sickness, muscle, bone, cartilage, fibres, brain, nerves, and every part of the organism are worn out, become effete, and are discharged in the excretions. The carbonic acid which is exhaled from the lungs and general surface, the urea and other excretions which are separated by the great purifying glands of the body, are all used-up animal matters which are thrown off, and, if not replaced, the body would daily diminish in weight by several pounds. In the economy of nature, as it is impossible to create out of nothing, so matter cannot be destroyed, and nothing is ever lost. The vegetable kingdom greedily appropriates or feeds upon the waste of animal organisms; and animals in their turn are, directly or indirectly, nourished by vegetables.

Though we never forget to breathe, we only appreciate the luxury of pure air when we are in danger of being deprived of it. The disagreeable sensations which are experienced in a vitiated atmosphere, and which we try to relieve by deep sighing inspirations, are all due to want of oxygen in the blood, and not in the lungs; and on the other hand, if we put a bellows in the wind-pipe of an animal and supply air to the system in abundance, he may be made to forget to breathe for minutes. The sighs which are ordinarily supposed to indicate dejection or powerful emotion are, unromantically enough, to be explained by the fact that from preoccupation, or otherwise, the breathing has not been sufficiently constant and profound. It is easy to understand that the pounds of matter which are daily separated from the blood and discharged from the body in the form of gas, water, or solids, must be replaced from without. We supply the loss of gas by breathing; the loss of water by drinking; the loss of solids by what is known as food. All these go into the blood, and by it are distributed to every part of the body.

If we are thus destined to be continually made over, is it not a point of the greatest practical interest to every one to select good materials for the work? The practical truth of this cannot be doubted; but the question arises, whether the appetite can be safely relied upon to guide us in this matter. If there be a satisfactory answer to this all-important question, every one should know it. If the despotic rule of the appetite be just and proper, and for our own benefit, there are few with whom it would not meet with a cheerful acquiescence. But on the other hand, we are warned by moralists, who assume that the natural appetites of man are depraved and sinful, that the lust of the flesh must be struggled against and overcome. The latter position is untenable and a physiological absurdity.

In the first place, there can be no question as regards the necessity of some kind of food, for the appetite expresses a positive want on the part of the system for material with which to supply the worn-out parts. It is also true that, under varied conditions, the system demands different kinds of food. In the arctic regions, animal food, especially fat, is demanded in immense quantities, and in the tropics, the light, succulent vegetables are craved. If, under these circumstances, the dictates of the appetite be not followed, the orders are enforced by disturbances in digestion and nutrition. Many imagine that variety in diet is merely a matter of taste; but the craving for different articles expresses a physiological want; and if the monotony of diet be too great or too prolonged, the natural penalty is scurvy and a host of disorders allied to it. Cooking is a necessary preparation for most of the varieties of food used by man, and it is a rule, to which there are few exceptions, that the most agreeable and savory dishes are the most easily digested. Not only are the dishes in which the natural flavors of the articles are developed and heightened by skilful preparation the most agreeable to the palate, but their nutritive principles are easily acted upon by the digestive juices, and are readily absorbed and appropriated; while the mongrel soup and the tasteless relish offend the gustatory sense and refuse to nourish the body. Misdirected ingenuity may conceal the flavor of bad material or impart a certain *goût* to a dish the basis of which has no flavor at all, but such preparations cannot be taken often with relish, and the vital forces are never deceived by them.

It is not profitable at the present day to discuss the principles adopted by certain gastronomic sectarians, such as the vegetarians, whose physical condition is generally the strongest of arguments against their peculiar views. There is, and must always be, a natural religion of diet which is accepted by the great mass of mankind. Neither have we anything to do with morbid cravings and fancies; for these concern only the physician. It is safe to trust to the natural tastes and appetites, bearing in mind always that they may be perverted by excesses. Every one, in carefully scrutinizing his experience when he supposes that harm has come from the indulgence of his taste in eating, will recognize that the trouble has generally proceeded from over-indulgence; eating after he has experienced the unmistakable sense of satis-

faction, which is considerably short of satiety. This occurs from yielding to solicitation when something within indicates the proper course.

Finally, there is one great mistake into which dietitians are very apt to fall. It is assumed by some that man is simply an animal whose great object in eating and drinking is to maintain the organism in the most perfect physical condition. It would be very unfortunate for progress and civilization were this view to be generally adopted. The immense development of the brain which places man at the head of the animal kingdom imposes upon him extraordinary duties, responsibilities, and labors; and these necessarily involve irregularities in living and unusual expedients to sustain temporarily the vital forces. How often has the intellect, in accomplishing a great work, offered up the body as a sacrifice on the altar of common humanity! The world has been most blessed by those who have not been content to pass their lives in simply wearing out and repairing their tissues in the most regular and physiological manner. The lower animals, it is true, never use tea, coffee, tobacco, or alcohol. The lower animals never need to use these stimulants; they cannot have the aspirations and cares which belong to the enormously developed and exquisitely sensitive nervous system of man.

But leaving the subject of drinking untouched for the present, let us say a word upon what we may call physiological eating. While the regulation of the diet for any single day may be a matter of little moment, the adoption of certain grand principles of living is of immense importance. The subject of dining is the arrangement of a single meal, in which the greatest amount of gustatory enjoyment is obtained for the longest period and with the most reasonable strain on the physical powers, and does not possess the same general interest, but belongs to the poetry of physiological science rather than the stern principles of everyday life.

The questions which we propose to ourselves at present are, simply, whether the general selection of articles of food is, to a reasonable degree, in accordance with the present advanced condition of physiological science, and how the mistakes which many must make in this way may be easily corrected.

In the first place, what are the proper times of the day for eating? It is fortunate, for the convenience of different persons, that in this a great deal of latitude is allowable. As a rule in this country, a substantial meal is taken soon after rising. In some other countries this is seldom, if ever, done. A cup of black coffee and a bit of bread form the real breakfast of a Frenchman, and the first substantial meal is taken five or six hours after. Frenchmen who become domesticated in this country generally fall into our way of taking breakfast, and find that it answers as well as their own; and Americans who live in France are apt, in the same way, to adopt the customs of the country. In the city of New York a light lunch is taken in the middle of the day; the hour for dining is six; and nothing is taken after that time. In other cities and in smaller places, the principal meal is at one, two, or three in the afternoon, and a light meal is taken at six or seven. The only physiological requirement is that for an hour or two in the day, after the greatest quantity of food has been taken, there should exist a certain amount of tranquillity of the nervous and muscular systems.

Breakfast is a meal which generally gives little trouble as regards its digestion, for these two reasons: In the first place, the quantity of material to be fitted for absorption is generally not large, and the ordinary breakfasts taken in this country are composed of articles which are easily disposed of. In the second place, we do not expect our breakfast to distress us and we think but little of it after it is taken.

Most persons cannot pass the ten or eleven hours which elapse from breakfast to dinner without some light nourishment in the middle of the day. Lunch—though it has been called by a gastronomic Englishman a reflection on the breakfast and an insult to the dinner—should be taken by those who feel they require it. It should be composed, however, of a small quantity of easily digestible material; for the digestive organs of the adult should not be called upon for serious labor more than twice in the twenty-four hours. The principal meal of the day is a serious matter. If taken after the greatest part of the work is done, it is naturally followed by a condition of repose; but the prospect of this is apt to lead to the habit of relying too much on the dinner, and of eating no lunch and but a nominal breakfast. This makes the dinner too heavy. It leads to inordinate indulgence at that time, and throws all the work of digestion into a single period. Literary men, and those who have to work at night, will find that this sort of life will not answer. The labor of digestion must be more distributed. If dinner be taken in the middle of the day, it is generally found inconvenient to eat too much; and this hour thus has a certain amount of advantage arising from the necessity of some mental or physical exertion some time after the principal meal.

Now, the important question arises: What does pure physiology teach us to eat at these times? It is well-known to physiologists that the system imperatively demands nitrogenized or albuminized substances, such as the gluten of vegetables, albumen, and lean meat; non-nitrogenized substances, such as starch, sugar, and fat; and inorganic saline matters, such as common salt, phosphates, etc. Though the digestive system of man is intermediate between that of the herbivora and the carnivora, it resembles the latter more than the former. Nevertheless a mixed diet is most favorable to healthy nutrition, and all recognize the necessity of considerable variety in such diet. Moreover, starchy substances make a man fat, but albuminized substances make him strong.

We believe that meat should be taken at the morning meal. It may not be digested so quickly as some starchy substances; but, as a rule, it is digested easily, and it certainly satisfies the system, and carries us farther in our work than vegetables alone. At this time meat should be taken in a palatable and easily digestible form; stewed, with the nutrient juices saved in the sauces, and the aromatic principles developed by the heat; or, better than all, broiled; for here the juices are retained in the tissue, and the flavor is developed by the hardening and caramelization, as it were, of the exterior. Above all, avoid the abomination of frying fresh meat; not alone as a matter of taste, but as a violation of scientific laws. A fresh animal tissue which has soaked up a mass of seething fat is not in a proper condition to be taken into the system. Salted articles, which are generally so hardened that they will not readily absorb the fat, as fish, and articles which are exposed for but a short time to the very high temperature to which all fried articles are subjected, may be cooked in this way, but never good fresh meat.

Meat should by no means constitute the largest part of a physiological breakfast. As this is very often the staple of the dinner, it is desirable to eat a considerable quantity of starchy and fatty matters in the morning. Bread in its various forms, butter, and the inevitable potato are important aids to proper nutrition. The breads should be thoroughly baked and light; for in this form the starch is most easily acted upon by the digestive fluids, which do not readily change raw starch into sugar, the form it must take before it can be absorbed, and the light, porous character of good bread allows it to be easily infiltrated with the saliva and the other juices. Bread likewise furnishes gluten, and is, of itself, capable of supporting life when too much of this nitrogenized substance has not been removed in making the fancy grades of flour. For the same reason, the starch in the potato should be thoroughly cooked.

A considerable variety is demanded, not only by the taste, but actually by the nutrition. We may use all the different meats, fresh and salt; poultry, fish of various kinds, and eggs. Eggs contain albumen, and in the yolk a large quantity of fat. They are highly nutritious and easily digested; and common experience is correct in placing them in the front rank as articles for the morning meal. Finally, unless warned by the system to the contrary, take in the morning tea or coffee. These are stimulants which have all the beneficial effects belonging to articles of this class, with no unpleasant reaction. As has been demonstrated again and again, by actual experiment, tea and coffee retard the waste of the tissues of the body, and enable us to do a given amount of work with less material in the shape of solid food. The physiological effects of these two articles are nearly identical.

A day begun in the way here recommended gives us the best preparation we could have for the labors and trials we are liable to encounter, and is in entire accordance with the teachings of science. If all knew how much of that which is disagreeable depends entirely upon the physical condition, they would take more pains to begin each day in the proper manner.

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